1466 d 28

POETICAL ESSAYS,

BY

GAVIN TURNBULL.

At Fame or Wealth, let other Bards aſpire,
And praiſe the Great, or charm the venal Fair;
Teach me, ye Muſes, to awake the ſtring
Sacred to Grief, and pleaſing Melancholy.

ANON.

GLASGOW:

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PREFACE.

WHEN an Author is conſcious of ſuperior talents, and his writings have already merited general approbation, he may ſtep boldly forward; and, without apology, claim the public attention to his works: but, when one, unknown and unfriended, who can lay no claim to ſuperiority of talents, nor the public prepoſſeſſion in his favour, ventures to appear before their tribunal, he has every reaſon rather to court their candour, and indulgence, than to challenge their cenſure, or to brave their criticiſm.

The Author of the following Eſſays, deprived, early in life, by unforeſeen misfortunes, of the means of purſuing that liberal plan of education he once had a proſpect of, has not the vanity to imagine they have either that degree of novelty of invention, or correctneſs of verſification which will ſtand the teſt of rigid criti-

ciſm; the truth is, that their preſent appearance has been leſs owing to choice than the ſolicitation of friendſhip, ever ready to overlook thoſe faults which will be eaſily perceived, where the ſame partiality is wanting.

A number of the Poems in this volume are of the Elegiac, and melancholy kind: whether, from natural complexion, or by too much brooding over the failure of his once better proſpects, the Author acknowledges a partiality for this kind of poetry: he has endeavoured to diverſify the ſubjects and the expreſſion; but, after all, the ſame ideas may too frequently occur; and ſome unfavourable circumſtances in his ſituation, by haſtening the publication, has prevented them from receiving that degree of correction, they would otherwiſe have obtained.

On the whole, he ſubmits theſe juvenile pieces (wrote merely for his own amuſement) to the public inſpection, with much diffidence; and with this hope, That if they have any

merit worthy of notice, it may in ſome meaſure atone for their faults; and, ſhould they receive with favour, this, his firſt attempt, he may perhaps have it in his power to purſue thoſe ſtudies which may enable him to produce ſomething more worthy their approbation.

To his Subſcribers, and in particular thoſe who have intereſted themſelves in his cauſe, he returns his moſt grateful acknowledgment, and aſſures them it is a favour he will always have in remembrance.

GLASGOW,
Oct. 24th, 1788.

ERRATA.

Page	**5.**	**Line 16.**	**For** *seek*, **read** *trace.*
	44.	**1.**	**For** *vault*, **read** *vaults.*
	67.	**8.**	**For** *the*, **read** *thee.*
	93.	**13.**	**For** *greateful*, **read** *grateful.*
	189.	**9.**	**For** *engine*, **read** *ingine.*

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ELEGIES.

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ELEGY I.

I.

FOR rural ſhades and ſolitary groves,
I'll bid the buſy ſcenes of life farewell;
And go where lonely contemplation roves,
Pleas'd with the ſweet Enthuſiaſt to dwell.

II.

The mind of man is ever prone to change,
Is ever ſtretching after ſomething new:
Pleaſure the ſhadow after which we range,
And ſtill the phantom flies as we purſue.

III.

One, made the abject ſlave of ſordid gain,
Unnumber'd ſchemes and artifices tries;
For this he braves the dangers of the main,
And barters quiet for the golden prize.

IV.

Some, whom the noble thoughts of glory fire,
Purſue, in martial fields, a deathleſs name,
And where unnumber'd multitudes expire,
They rear the purple column of their fame.

V.

The meager ſtudent, by the lamp's pale light,
Eager the depths of ſcience to explore,
Deny'd the balmy bleſſings of the night,
Still turns the ſapient volume o'er and o'er.

VI.

Obſequious, one to pleaſure's magic call,
The fleeting hours in revelry beguiles,
Conducts the blooming beauty through the ball,
And counts his treaſures by his fair one's ſmiles.

VII.

No thoughts of wealth my wiſhes e'er decoy,
I ne'er was fir'd with mighty feats of arms;
But love of quiet and ſerener joy,
Retir'd from buſy crouds and wars alarms.

VIII.

Be mine in ſimple melody to pour,
In SHENSTONE's ſtrains, the elegiac lay;
Or, in the ſolemn ſilent midnight hour,
To mourn with thee, O ſweet complaining GRAY.

IX.

Soft flow my numbers, and without conſtraint,
Smooth as the murmurs of a winding rill,
Let nature's hand each beauteous fancy paint;
For nature's images are charming ſtill.

X.

At early dawn, or at the cloſe of day,
I'll ſeek the paths inſpired Bards have trode;
With Fancy, bright aerial maid, I'll ſtray,
And ſeek her footſteps in the flow'ry road.

XI.

Then come, my Muſe, expand thine airy wing,
Should ſome Mæcenas patronize thy lays,
Thou in heroic numbers yet may ſing,
And to the Cypreſs add the blooming Bays:

XII.

Then though thou tread Parnaſſus rugged ways
Unled by ſcience, up the ſacred hill,
If Phœbus darts on thee propitious rays;
By him inſtructed, thou ſhalt ſing with ſkill.

ELEGY II.

PHILANDER.

His tears roſe honeſt, honeſt roſe his ſmile,
His heart no falſehood knew, his tongue no guile.

HAMILTON OF BANGOR.

I.

COME, ſable night, and ſettle round my head,
Let not the moon and ſtarry train ariſe;
The meteor's gleam my weary ſteps ſhall lead
To wander where my lov'd Philander lies.

II.

I'll take my ſeat beneath the baleful yew,
Fearleſs of ghoſt and wand'ring ſpectre pale,
His grave with ſhow'rs of friendly tears bedew,
And ſigh in conſort with the paſſing gale.

III.

Blow on, ye winds, ye ſtormy tempeſts howl,
Such ſounds are grateful to my liſt'ning ear,
Such melancholy murmurs ſooth my ſoul,
'Tis all the muſic now I wiſh to hear.

IV.

No more ſhall pleaſure's winning form appear,
No future proſpect e'er ſhall give relief,
Nor conſolation's ſoothing voice I'll hear;
But eager quaff the bitter cup of grief.

V.

In thee, Philander, all my hopes were plac'd,
Thou deareſt friend, thou ſweetner of my days,
By thee each gloomy proſpect was effac'd,
And all the tempeſts jealous ſpleen could raiſe.

VI.

Sage were thy counſels, and thy words were wiſe,
Thy words in ſeaſon, ever dear to me,
Who now will ſolve my doubts, when doubts ariſe,
Or who (Philander) find ſo juſt as thee?

VII.

Who will diſpel each low'ring cloud of care,
And balmy peace to this ſad breaſt reſtore?
Or who my griefs and tranſient pleaſures ſhare?
Ah none! my lov'd Philander—is no more.

VIII.

Now prying memory exerts her pow'r
Our joys and paſt endearments to renew;
She takes at once her ſadly pleaſing tour
To bring each ſcene of happineſs to view.

IX.

Our days of childhood, ſpent in careleſs play,
Gay as the kids that wanton o'er the green,
A thouſand gambols chac'd the hours away,
While minds unclouded ſweet'ned ev'ry ſcene.

X.

Oft have we wander'd by the gurgling rill,
And trac'd the winding mazes of the wood;
Or reach'd the ſummit of the higheſt hill,
And gazing on the diſtant landſcape ſtood.

XI.

But when, advancing to maturer age,
And childiſh play and ſimple joys retir'd,
Warm'd by the beauties of each claſſic page,
More friendly ſentiments our boſoms fir'd.

XII.

But what avails it me to have been bleſs'd
With ſuch a friend ſo worthy my eſteem;
When all the darling pleaſures, then poſſeſs'd,
Are fled and vaniſh like an airy dream?

XIII.

Yet ſtay ye images for ever dear,
Ideas ever welcome to my mind,
Ye ſcenes, remember'd with a friendly tear,
Which leave a melancholy joy behind.

XIV.

Dear friendly ſhade, once more I bid adieu,
With ſighs predictive of my ſure return,
With ev'ning here, my vigils to renew,
And nightly by thy narrow dwelling mourn.

ELEGY III.

I gaze with rapture on your charms, but ſigh
To think that others may that rapture ſhare.

GRÆM.

I.

BENEATH a verdant willow's grateful ſhade,
Upon the margin of a murm'ring ſtream,
Young Damon (once) a hapleſs ſwain was laid,
And fair Lavinia was his conſtant theme.

II.

Begin my Muſe (he ſaid) a mournful ſong,
And let my ſheep and goats at random ſtray;
Ye breezes, bear the mournful ſound along,
And to Lavinia ev'ry note convey.

III.

Say, falſe Lavinia, lovely charmer tell
How long muſt I endure this load of wo?
Say, muſt I ſtill in ſhades of ſorrow dwell,
And muſt my briny tears for ever flow?

IV.

Canſt thou unmov'd behold my ling'ring grief,
And ſlight my gen'rous paſſion with diſdain?
'Tis thou alone can give my ſoul relief—
One ſoothing ſmile could ſoften all my pain.

V.

In vain, the ſports and paſtimes of the plain
Would cheer my heart, and wonted peace reſtore;
Now ev'n the charms of muſic are in vain,
How can they pleaſe, when thou art kind no more!

VI.

Still at the revel or the mazy dance,
Where oft with thee I wanton'd o'er the green;
There do I ſee a rival youth advance,
And take the place where Damon ſhould have been.

VII.

Go on, falſe nymph, and frolic out the day,
And let my rival's happineſs o'erflow,
Whilſt I through wilds and lonely deſerts ſtray,
In ſad deſpair not knowing where I go.

VIII.

Some lonely cave, or gloomy place I'll find,
Where fairies revel in the briery dell;
There vent the ſad ideas of my mind,
And bid the joys of love and life farewell.

ELEGY IV.

——— all around
Smiling the cheerful face of ſpring is ſeen.

BRUCE.

I.

COME, Corydon, let us our walk purſue,
The winding banks and ſhady woods among,
Where little birds their madrigals renew,
Come, Corydon, and liſten to their ſong.

II.

How ſweet the linnet warbles from the ſpray,
The blackbird echoes through the vocal grove;
The mavis modulates her tuneful lay,
The painted goldfinch and the cooing dove.

III.

And hark, the cuckoo, harbinger of ſpring,
Though leaſt melodious of the tuneful quire;
Yet, moſt ſweet bird, I joy to hear thee ſing,
Thou welcome poet of the vernal lyre.

IV.

Say, Corydon, would'ſt thou this bliſs forego?
Would'ſt thou forſake fair Irvine's ſhady bow'rs?
For all the wealth that pop'lous cities ſhow,
For all the pride of great Edina's tow'rs?

V.

Rich landſcapes, from Italian maſters bought,
Delight the great, and gayly deck the wall,
And here the little ſylvan ſongſters caught,
To make the houſe an epitome of all.

VI.

Let theſe the world, in miniature, poſſeſs,
And rob the feather'd race of liberty,
I'll have the whole, nor be content with leſs,
And nature form a landſcape fit for me.

ELEGY V.

Or find ſome ruin 'midſt its dreary dells,
Whoſe walls, more awful, nod
By thy religious gleams.

COLLINS' ODE TO EVENING.

I.

ONE night, by lonely contemplation led,
Penſive I wander'd through a gloomy wood,
Where thick embow'r'd amid the leafy ſhade,
The ruins of an antient dwelling ſtood.

II.

Fall'n was the roof, the chimney tops o'ertlirown,
The naked walls expos'd to ev'ry blaſt,
Green moſſy fog o'erſpread the mould'ring ſtone,
And all around look'd deſolate and waſte.

III.

Now 'roſe the moon and ſhed her ſilver light,
And thro' the dreary way my wand'ring cheer'd,
The tott'ring ruin's rude impending height
Along the ground an antique ſhade appear'd.

IV.

Could fancy paint, or fab'lous ſtory tell,
Or ſuperſtitious legend'ry deſcribe
A place ſo fit for ſullen ghoſts to dwell,
Or nightly revels of the fairy tribe?

V.

The mournful owl, that ſhuns the cheerful day,
Now wail'd aſſiduous from her ivy'd tow'rs;
Yet penſive thoughtfulneſs too apt to ſtray,
Urg'd me to trace thoſe melancholy bow'rs.

VI.

What feeling heart, to ſoft compaſſion prone,
Can view, without a tear or heaving ſigh,
A ſtately dome its antient grandeur gone;
And all its pomp an heap of ruin lie?

VII.

Here, once perhaps, with wealth and plenty crown'd,
Some noble Lord poſſeſs'd thoſe ample walls,
With all his ſmiling family around,
And peace the guardian of his ſpacious halls.

VIII.

But ah, what ſad viciſſitudes, what change
Of adverſe fortune has its owners known;
Perhaps ſome lawleſs villain's ſtern revenge,
Perhaps by unrelenting foes, o'erthrown.

IX.

Alas! how vain are earthly pomp and ſtate,
And what the bleſſing riches can beſtow,
Ev'n all the dear-bought pleaſure of the great,
Is but a ſcene that terminates in wo.

X.

The pamper'd Lord, with ſupercilious brow,
Whom flatt'ry courts, and cringing ſlaves obey,
Beneath affliction's chaſt'ning rod muſt bow,
And fall to tyrant miſery a prey.

XI.

By you, who live in humble life retir'd,
Who toil obſequious to induſtry's call,
Be not the tinſel of the great admir'd,
Nor all the ſplendour of the lordly hall.

XII.

I'll ſeek contentment, in her humble cell,
And woo the Muſes, in my calm retreat;
The ſmiles of fortune, and her frowns repel,
And ſcorn the flatt'ring follies of the great.

ELEGY VI.

What ſhall I ſay, what arguments can prove
My truth, what colours can deſcribe my love?

PRIOR.

I.

NO other maid, of all the youthful train,
However ſweet to others they may be,
Shall e'er invade my conſtant heart again;
None ſhall I, Delia, ever love but thee.

II.

From thee at firſt the fatal arrow came,
And, to my heart, an eaſy paſſage found,
With ſecret joy I fed the ſubtile flame,
Nor knew the ſad effects of ſuch a wound.

III.

I valu'd more one ſweet endearing ſmile
Than all the treaſure Indian mines afford,
Greater I was than if of Albion's iſle,
And wealthy cities, I were ſov'reign Lord.

IV.

But ah! my charmer, little did I know
What racks and torments I ſhould ſhortly prove,
Diſdain, the fatal cauſe of all my wo,
And jealouſy, the greateſt bane of love.

V.

No friend of fortune I, no wealthy ſwain,
Poſſeſs'd of num'rous herds and fields of corn;
For this I ſuffer thy unjuſt diſdain,
Not me, but 'tis my poverty you ſcorn.

VI.

Yet, yet my fair, the little I could claim,
All that I could command, and call it mine,
All that I had, that inſtant yours became,
My heart, my life, my very ſoul was thine.

VII.

What taſk can you enjoin me to obey,
What dreadful penance urge me to ſuſtain?
Be what it will, without the leaſt delay,
It ſhall be done, your favour to obtain.

VIII.

For thee, I'd brave the dangers of the ſtorm,
And like Leander, nightly ſwim the tide,
Gladly I'd meet its ev'ry dreadful form,
Did you appear, my wat'ry courſe to guide.

IX.

I'd live on Zembla's outmoſt coaſt exil'd,
Where hoary winter chills the joyleſs year,
Where vernal ſuns and ſummer never ſmil'd,
Yet this were paradiſe if thou wert near.

X.

But hold, fond youth, what fury moves thy mind?
What frantic pow'r conſtrains thee this to tell?
Already, to thy ſorrow may'ſt thou find,
She knows of thy ſubmiſſion far too well.

ELEGY VII.

THE DEAN.*

The mould'ring walls confeſs their beauty paſt,
A fragment falls with each revolving blaſt.

M'PHERSON.

I.

NOW, in the weſtern main, the ſun deſcends,
And gold'n clouds the low horizon bound,
The ſolemn night her ſable robe extends,
And nature lies in ſilence huſh'd around.

II.

The lonely ſhepherd leaves the breezy hill,
And ſeeks the cottage to indulge repoſe,
The lover wanders by the winding rill,
To vent the mournful ſtory of his woes.

* The ſeat of the late unfortunate Earl of Kilmarnock.

III.

Pale Luna gilds the plains and ſhady bow'rs,
The limpid ſtreams reflect the ſilver ray,
Now fairies revel, in the ſilent hours,
But fly to diſtant lands, at break of day.

IV.

The night owl ſcreams from out her lonely bow'r,
Where, all the day, ſhe ſolitary reigns,
Whoſe voice directs me to yon aged tow'r,
To view of ruin'd grandeur the remains.

V.

Ah me! how ſad the tott'ring fabric ſtands,
Who ſhall preſerve it further from decay?
Ah none! to other Lords belong its lands,
The antient name extinct and dy'd away.

VI.

That antient dome, which once with grandeur grac'd,
And proud magnificence o'erlook'd the plain,
Its tow'rs and lofty battlements defac'd,
All deſolate and ruinous remain.

VII.

So ſtands an aged Chief, great in decay,
Forlorn and ſunk beneath a load of years;
Yet, ſpite of time and locks of ſilver gray,
His youth majeſtic from his age appears.

VIII.

The ſhaggy green her mould'ring walls deface,
And ivy wreaths her tott'ring turrets bind,
Impending fragments hang, in airy ſpace,
In dire contention with the raging wind.

IX.

Where yonder ſtately aſh, in verdure clad,
Extends her boughs outo'er the nodding wall,
There, round the table, gen'rous heroes fed,
While feſtive mirth reſounded through the hall.

X.

Ah! now no heroes thoſe apartments grace,
Nor ſocial mirth to cheer the dreary walls,
But airy phantoms roam from place to place,
And hold nocturnal revels in her halls.

XI.

Around the dome the raven and the owl,
The bat and bittern ſend a dreary cry,
The whiſtling winds through hollow caverns howl,
Startling the lonely trav'ller paſſing by.

XII.

Her gardens, once delightful to the eye,
With all that art and nature could adorn,
Now all o'erwhelm'd with prickly brambles lie,
A ſcene of ruin, diſmal and forlorn.

XIII.

No more is heard, within the verdant ſhade,
Th' am'rous youth his ſecret vows impart,
In gentleſt accents ſooth the liſt'ning maid,
Urge his ſoft flame, and pour out all the heart.

XIV.

The Muſe who ſung, delighted in the groves,
Gay as the bird, that carols on the ſpray,
Penſive, amid the dreary ſcene, ſhe roves
And tunes to elegy the mournful lay.

XV.

And thou, lorn ſtream, may'ſt wail thy mantling bow'rs,
Where birds melodious oft renew'd the ſong,
And ſadly echo through yon vaulted tow'rs,
And mourn in conſort as thou roll'ſt along.

XVI.

The aged oft with grief thoſe ruins view,
While from their boſoms heaves the unbidden ſigh,
Some relicts ſtill their ſcenes of youth renew,
To ſtop the guſhing tear, in vain they try.

XVII.

Short is the date of ought the earth can boaſt,
Time ruins all with his corroding hand,
The princely palace, rear'd with mighty coſt,
Ev'n brazen tow'rs cannot his rage withſtand.

XVIII.

Where are the cities ſo well known to fame,
The pomp of Ilium, once ſo far renown'd?
Of Tyrian grandeur but remains a name,
And lofty Babel tumbl'd to the ground.

XIX.

Ambition, nouriſher of mighty wo,
Vainly upborn on pride's high ſoaring wings,
The fatal ſource whence theſe diſaſters flow,
The fall of empires and the fate of Kings.

XX.

Here might the Muſe, in humble ſtrains, be bold
To tell the great, that all the direful ſpring
Of this ſad maſs of ruin they behold,
Was from r*******n 'gainſt a gracious King.

XXI.

But ſhe declines, the mournful tale to tell,
Of him who ſuffer'd in the hapleſs ſtrife,
For why? the mournful ſtory's known too well,
His honour forfeit nor retain'd his life.

XXII.

Yet ſhall remembrance oft renew the ſigh,
To mourn the man ſo lov'd and ſo ador'd;
And when the curious trav'ller paſſeth by,
She'll point the manſion of the hapleſs Lord.

ELEGY VIII.

Curſe the ſad fortune that detains thy Fair.

SHENSTONE.

I.

AND now the noon has ſhort'ned ev'ry ſhade,
The promis'd hour that Delia would be here;
Say what detains the ſweet tormenting maid,
Ah, will you, Delia, ever be ſincere?

II.

Each fanning breeze, that moves the bloomy ſpray,
Would whiſper hope and diſſipate my fear;
It ſeems to tell me, Delia's on her way,
And now, methinks, her gentle ſteps I hear.

III.

Again deceiv'd, I take my rural reed,
To paſs the time, and play ſome ſimple ſtrain;
Again, I bid the moments fly with ſpeed,
Now hope revives, now vaniſhes again.

IV.

Enrag'd with love, I cry, perhaps, ev'n now,
Some rival youth the lovely maid infolds,
While Delia, mindful to perform her vow,
Offended ſtruggles to elude his holds.

V.

Then blame my fate, that gave a nymph ſo fair,
A nymph by whom each am'rous youth is fir'd,
Again reſign my ſorrows to the air,
To think my nymph's by ev'ry ſwain admir'd.

VI.

Now, ſad, I wander by the mazy rill,
Or pull the bloſſoms from the ſpreading tree;
Ah vain amuſements, I'm unhappy ſtill,
For what are theſe, my Delia, wanting thee.

VII.

Ye little birds, that hop from buſh to buſh,
O how I murmur at your happy ſtates;
You have no care, no unrewarded wiſh,
No anxious longing for your abſent mates.

VIII.

No rival will with-hold the conſtant dove,
No other bird the linnet will detain;
But ſee, I languiſh, for my abſent love,
And eager wiſh, but ev'ry wiſh is vain.

ELEGY IX.

Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt.

GRAY.

I.

COME, Melancholy, ſweetly penſive maid,
O lead me to thy haunts, and weeping cells,
Where mimic mirth, nor folly dare invade,
Thy lov'd retreat, where contemplation dwells.

II.

Beneath ſome aged tree, I'll lie reclin'd,
Among the lonely manſions of the dead;
To ruminate the fate of human-kind,
And from the tombs my future fortune read.

III.

Some lie beneath the marble's poliſh'd ſtone,
With ſculpture grav'd and honour's enſigns hung,
Perhaps diſtinguiſhed by wealth alone,
And mighty made by flatt'ry's guilty tongue.

IV.

While round them lie a poor inglorious crew,
Whoſe characters no wand'ring ſearch can trace,
Where no memorial riſes to the view,
No ſculptur'd ſtone to tell their reſting place.

V.

Say, were they ſuch a poor ignoble race,
Whoſe memory no monument requires?
Did they in life employ no uſeful place?
Do nothing which the giddy world admires?

VI.

Sure here were hearts with great emotions fir'd,
Though ignorance conceal'd the gen'rous flame,
Of ſuch as would to mighty deeds aſpir'd,
And ſtood immortal, in the rolls of fame.

VII.

So the rough marble in the quarry lies,
A maſs in which no beauty can be ſeen,
Till the ſkill'd ſtatu'ry his art applies;
Then ſmiles a Juno, or the Paphian Queen.

VIII.

Soon ſhall the mourner, of this artleſs ſong,
Sink in the narrow houſe unknown to fame,
There ſleep in ſilence, with the vulgar throng,
Without the leaſt memorial of his name.

IX.

For him, no ſable enſign ſhall be born,
No gorgeous pageants crown the nodding herſe,
No monument his humble grave adorn,
Nor Bard record him in immortal verſe.

X.

Perhaps the ſimple ſwains, who liſt'ning ſtray'd
To hear his pipe, at eve amid the bow'rs,
With mournful ſongs will ſooth his penſive ſhade,
And ſtrew his grave with ſweeteſt vernal flow'rs.

XI.

Some gen'rous friend, hung o'er the ſilent urn,
May ſhed a tear, and heave the artleſs ſigh;
With unfeign'd grief his luckleſs fortune mourn,
While pow'r and wealth's unvarying cheeks are dry.

XII.

His Delia may, with other nymphs, repair
A ſad attendant on her Damon's bier,
His loſs bewail, the ſoft contagion ſhare,
And pay the welcome tribute of a tear.

ELEGY X.

WINTER.

See winter comes——
Sullen and ſad, with all his riſing train,
Vapours and clouds and ſtorms.

THOMSON.

I.

THICK rolling clouds involve the gloomy ſky,
The wind ſounds dreary in the leafleſs ſhade,
The joyleſs plains in deſolation lie,
And wintry tempeſts ſweep the barren glade.

II.

Ah me! how chang'd, how alter'd is the ſcene,
Where late the turf in flow'ry pride was crown'd,
Decaying nature ſaddens all the green,
And with'red herbs and foliage ſtrew the ground.

III.

No ſhepherd's pipe, no 'plaining damſel's voice,
No lovelorn nightingale renews her tale;
The grottoes echo, with a mournful noiſe,
And ſound reſponſive to the wintry gale.

IV.

Quick from the low'ring clouds deſcends the ſhow'r,
The ſwelling ſtreams o'er precipices flow,
From clift to clift impetuouſly they pour,
And ſpread a deluge on the plains below.

V.

The lonely ſhepherd wanders o'er the hill,
Seeking his ſhiv'ring flock, from field to field,
Or drives them to ſome muddy gurgling rill,
Whoſe banks an hoſpitable ſhelter yield.

VI.

The tim'rous hare limps aukward to her den,
Nor can the naked fields her wants ſupply;
The doleful plover ſkims the wat'ry fen,
And fills the air with many a dreary cry.

VII.

O ſurly winter, ſoon thy frigid pow'r
Has ſtript the verdure of each ſpreading tree,
Nor in the foreſt, nor the birchen bow'r,
Left any ſhelter for the muſe or me:

VIII.

Yet let me not at ſummer's loſs repine,
Or eager wiſh the vernal months to ſee,
While inward heart-felt happineſs is mine,
The ſeaſon ſure has ſtore of charms for me.

IX.

A little houſe kind fortune ſtill beſtows,
A ſafe aſylum from the tempeſt's pow'r,
An eaſy bed for indolent repoſe,
And choice of books to paſs a vacant hour.

X.

Here let me lie, in reſt's ſoft arms reclin'd,
And hear the jarring winds at diſtance howl,
By fancy's ear to melody refin'd,
So ſadly pleaſing to the penſive ſoul.

XI.

Come, drouſy Morpheus, hover round my bed,
Shake downy influence from each ſilken wing,
O'er all my ſenſes ſoft ideas ſhed,
And all thy airy pleaſing viſions bring.

XII.

O waft my fancy, in the midnight hours,
To where the fairy bands their revels keep,
Lead me enraptur'd through elyſian bow'rs,
Where limpid ſtreams in ſmooth meanders creep.

XIII.

Ye Bards departed, mighty men of ſong,
Awake the harp, each wonted ſound recall,
With flying fingers ſweep the ſtrings along,
And raiſe the joy in Cona's echoing hall.

XIV.

* Or come Philander, from the ſilent grave,
Come in a dream, dear youth, and viſit me,
My long loſt friend enraptur'd I'll receive,
And bleſs the viſion that reſtoreth thee.

* See the character of Philander in Elegy II.

ELEGY XI.

LOUDON CHURCH. *

There lie inter'd the more illuſtrious dead.

BLAIR.

I.

FROM yonder church the ev'ning bell is toll'd,
The riſing moon ſhines on the pointed ſpires,
The ſhepherd pens his flock within the fold,
And whiſtling to his lowly cot retires.

II.

Gray ev'ning ſhades the landſcape all around,
The plains, and ſilent groves, in ſable dreſt,
From nodding tow'rs, with creeping ivy bound,
The mournful owl proclaims the hour of reſt.

* The burial place of the family of Loudon.

III.

Mute are the feather'd ſongſters on each ſpray,
Whoſe joyous anthems with the ev'ning cloſe;
Save where the turtle, with bemoaning lay,
And drouſy murmurs, lulls them to repoſe.

IV.

How ſad, how ſolemn is this ſcene of night,
Which ſtrikes with awe the contemplative mind!
Pleaſure appal'd betakes to ſudden flight,
Flies like a viſion, nor once looks behind.

V.

Hark! where yon boding raven croaks aloud,
Or chatt'ring magpie, from the duſky ſhade,
Or wand'ring ghoſt, wrapt in its ſable ſhroud,
Points out where ſome kind ruſtic ſhall be laid.

VI.

Yon aged Fane, rear'd in the days of yore,
By pious hands, for ſacred ends deſign'd,
The dome reſounds the ſong of praiſe no more,
But hangs in fragments tott'ring in the wind.

VII.

Deep in a vault which quite excludes the day,
Where bones and urns promiſcuous ſtrew the ground,
The King of terrors ſits, in grim array,
Triumphing o'er his proſtrate victims round.

VIII.

Far from thoſe ruin'd walls the trav'ller flies,
Soon as the ev'ning's wrapt in diſmal gloom,
Whilſt through the hollow vault the zephyr ſighs,
And dreadful ſpectres iſſue from the tomb.

IX.

Say, tim'rous mortal, ſay what makes thee run?
Why fly precipitate, and in ſuch haſte?
Why fly the drear abodes you cannot ſhun?
Sooner or later here we all muſt reſt.

X.

But thou, my Muſe, whom reaſon's ray directs,
Like flaming taper through the ſhades of night,
Let no ſuch whims thy fancy e'er perplex,
Nor blinded ſuperſtition thee affright.

XI.

Come, wreath'd with cypreſs round thy mournful head,
'Mongſt graves, in lonely meditation roam;
Let us explore the manſions of the dead,
And read *memento mori* on each tomb.

XII.

Draw near, ye haughty, and ye proud behold,
Come and contemplate on this ſcene of wo:
Come view what thoſe dumb monitors unfold,
Which tell proud mortals they muſt lie as low.

XIII.

Promiſcuous ſleep, beneath the mould'ring clod,
The grave, the gay, the vicious and the juſt;
Of thoſe who life's fantaſtic vale have trod,
And lowly mingle with their kindred duſt.

XIV.

Relentleſs death, who can thy pow'r withſtand?
Nor wealth nor honour can prolong our date,
Thou ſtrik'ſt, obſequious to the HIGH command,
Princes and peaſants yield alike to fate.

XV.

Yon gloomy vault thy ravages diſplay,
Where lie of noble LORDS a goodly train,
Who ſpent their lives in honour's glorious way,
Sages in council, heroes on the plain.

XVI.

For freedom ſtill their manly boſoms burn'd,
They rear'd the ſhield in virtue's godlike cauſe,
At tyranny, with gen'rous zeal, they ſpurn'd,
Which ev'ry nation to deſtruction draws.

XVII.

Oft martial trumpets rous'd them to the war,
Their waving banners floating in the wind,
Their enſigns dreadful to the hoſts afar,
Who fled and left them conquerors behind.

XVIII.

No more ſhall trumpets rouſe thoſe Chiefs to war,
No more their colours in the zephyrs fly,
No more be dreadful to the hoſts afar,
No more before them ſlaughter'd nations lie.

XIX.

High in the hall their warlike arms are hung,
No more to ſhine, terrific on the field,
The plumed helm, th' elaſtic bow unſtrung,
The bloody ſpear no more their arms ſhall wield.

XX.

This ſcene ſhall melt each gen'rous Briton's eye,
To ſee the patriot reſt within his urn,
Here liberty ſhall heave a heart-felt ſigh,
And beauty here her faireſt ſemblance mourn.

XXI.

Here honour weep her braveſt ſons decay'd,
And valour hang apart the uſeleſs ſhield,
Here wealth reſign at once her boaſted aid,
Ev'n pride her darling ornaments muſt yield.

XXII.

The fierceſt mind, the moſt heroic flame,
The heart, by fame and great examples taught,
Death ev'n the moſt unruly will can tame,
And quite extinguiſh, like a tranſient thought.

XXIII.

Where are the mighty names renown'd in war,
Who to each trembling land deſtruction hurl'd?
Philips and Alexanders, fam'd afar,
The vainly boaſted Monarchs of a world.

XXIV.

Where now the heroes, fam'd for mighty deeds,
Who rais'd imperial Rome to high renown?
Now from thoſe regions liberty recedes,
And all the glory of the empire flown.

XXV.

Yet do they ſtand renown'd in claſſic page,
Much to be read, and much to be admir'd,
Still ſhall the noble youth, in ev'ry age,
Be with their great, their bold example fir'd.

XXVI.

So ſhall the fame of LOUDON's noble line
O'er time and dark oblivion long prevail,
Their annals with irradiate luſtre ſhine,
And youthful Warriors kindle at the tale.

ELEGY XII.

I.

ARE thoſe the haunts where genius loves to dwell?
Thoſe dreary mournful melancholy ſhades;
You who have trode the doleful mazes tell
What heart corroding anguiſh here invades.

II.

I thought the Muſes lov'd the flow'ry road,
Where joy and pleaſure unmoleſted ſtray,
Where gentle peace had fix'd her ſweet abode,
And mild contentment held eternal ſway.

III.

Beneath the ſhade, in careleſs eaſe reclin'd,
I thought the Poets paſs'd their jocund hours,
While tides of ſweet ideas fill'd each mind,
Like happy ſouls in bleſs'd elyſian bow'rs.

IV.

Let ſad experience tell the mournful truth,
How ſtudious vigils are the ſource of wo,
How thought impairs the roſy bloom of youth,
And makes the tears of heart-felt anguiſh flow.

V.

There melancholy ſits, with lurid eye,
While ſad ideas rankle in the ſoul,
Griev'd diſappointment oft demands a ſigh,
And doth the thoughts of future joy controul.

VI.

I ſee the ſons of jollity and joy
The genial hours in revelry beguile;
No tender feelings can their mirth annoy,
No ſad ideas check the dimpling ſmile.

VII.

In vain, I turn the page of antient lore,
To lull the furious Demon of deſpair;
In vain, divine philoſophy explore,
To diſſipate this weary load of care.

VIII.

For pale diſeaſe, the ſad reſult of thoſe,
Impairs the pleaſures that delight the heart;
Terrific dreams infeſt my ſhort repoſe,
And death ſeems threatning with uplifted dart.

VII.

In vain I turn the page of antient lore,
To lull the fears Demon of despair;
In vain, divine philosophy explore,
To dissipate this weary load of care.

VIII.

For pale chagrin, the fell retail of thofe,
Impairs the pleasures that delight the heart;
Terrific dreams install my downy couch,
And dread fears threatening with uplifted dart.

PASTORALS.

PASTORALS.

PASTORALS.

PASTORAL I.

COLIN, ALEXIS, CORYDON.

Alternate verſe the ready champions choſe.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

COLIN.

NOW to the weſtern main the ſun deſcends,
Along the green, the lengthen'd ſhade extends,
The pointed rocks are ting'd with rays of gold,
Our flocks ſecure are pent within the fold,
The nightly dews refreſh the drooping flow'rs,
Sweetly the linnets warble in the bow'rs:
Let us beneath this ſpreading tree recline,
And ſing the dictates of the tuneful nine,

Behold this rural pipe, ſo ſoft and clear,
With which ſweet Thomſon ſung the circling year,
This be his prize who ſmootheſt can rehearſe
Some ſimple tale in ſoft bucolic verſe:
Or ſing by turns, as do the tuneful train,
And I as umpire will the prize ordain.

ALEXIS.

Begin thy carols, Corydon, proceed,
And I will follow, thou the ſong ſhalt lead,
Begin, the woods will multiply the ſound,
And vocal rocks the melody rebound.

CORYDON.

See, ſpring again begins her ſmiling round,
And blooming flow'rs enamel all the ground;
Here daffodils and primroſes are ſeen,
And pinks and daiſies variegate the green.

ALEXIS.

How gay the plains in vernal liv'ry dreſt,
Beneath our feet the blooming flow'rs are preſt:
Sweet are the ſcents that taint the gentle breeze,
And fair the bloſſoms on the ſpreading trees.

CORYDON.

Who would not quit the city, and retire
To rural ſhades, their beauty to admire;
Where ſuch delights are purchas'd without coſt,
Beyond what courts and palaces can boaſt.

ALEXIS.

Sure here are ſports and paſtimes, on the green,
May charm the greateſt King and faireſt Queen:
And ſome, if fame bely not, have forſook
Their crowns, and chang'd a ſceptre for a crook.

CORYDON.

O come, Amanda, pride of all the plain,
The love and wonder of each am'rous ſwain;
Come, like the roſy morn, in all thy charms;
O come, and bleſs thy longing ſhepherd's arms.

ALEXIS.

Come, Roſalinda, beauty of the bow'rs,
Gay as the early bloom, on op'ning flow'rs;
Come, Roſalinda, come, and with thee bring
That beauty which eclipſes all the ſpring.

CORYDON.

Amanda loves me, yet would often hide
Her riſing bluſhes with a modeſt pride;
Ah, fooliſh nymph! how vain is this diſguiſe,
Whilſt I can read the language of thine eyes.

ALEXIS.

Me Roſalinda flies, but flies in vain,
While oft ſhe turns to gaze upon her ſwain;
An eaſy matter interrupts her haſte,
She feigns ſome miſchief, but to be embrac'd.

CORYDON.

Sweet, to the mind forlorn, are ſoothing dreams,
Sweet, to the weary trav'ller, purling ſtreams,
Sweet is the bloſſom, to the roving bee;
But ſweeter far Amanda is to me.

ALEXIS.

Not to the lonely wand'rer, led aſtray,
Thro' night's dun ſhades, the morning's cheering ray,
Not to the ſons of Lapland's dark domain,
The ſmiling months of ſummer's cheerful reign,

Not to the captive linnet, liberty
Is half ſo ſweet as Roſalind to me.

CORYDON.

Singing's the paſtime my Amanda loves;
Each nymph and ſwain the tender ſtrain approves,
Not fair Malvina, with her charming tongue,
To Offian's harp more pleaſing numbers ſung;
While ſhe loves ſinging, ſinging I'll approve,
Nor dance nor revel nor gay frolic love.

ALEXIS.

My Roſalind in dancing far exceeds
The gayeſt nymph that ever trod the meads,
Not fairies lighter ſkiff the dews away
Than Roſalinda, on a morn of May;
While ſhe loves dancing, revels are for me,
I'll leave the ſinging, to thy nymph and thee.

COLIN.

Pleas'd and ſurpris'd, I've liſten'd to your ſongs;
For both have won, to both the prize belongs;
Each for reward a boxen hautboy take,
And occupy them well for Colin's ſake;
But ſee, the ev'ning hurries us away,
Thomſon's will be the prize another day.

PASTORAL II.

WHEN Sol, with ev'ning rays, adorn'd the weſt,
And wearied ſhepherds ſought their place of reſt,
Young Strephon, pain'd with unſucceſsful love,
Thus mourn'd his paſſion, in a lonely grove:

" Ye groves, and liſt'ning grottoes, hear my ſtrain,
To you, of cruel Delia, I complain;
To thoſe complaints, which ſhe diſdains to hear,
Ye murm'ring fountains, drop a pitying tear;
Ye vocal rocks, repeat my mournful ſighs,
While, in the grove, the loveſick Strephon dies.

Now, night extends around her dark domain,
And ſolemn ſilence lulls the peaceful plain,

Tir'd nature ſhares the bleſſing of repoſe,
The wretched find oblivion of their woes;
All but the reſtleſs votaries of love,
Deny'd the ſweets of ſomnolence to prove,
The ſoft oppreſſion leaves my weary eyes;
Ye vocal rocks, repeat my mournful ſighs.

With grief I ſee the dawning day return,
And with the falling dews of ev'ning mourn,
Taught by ſweet Philomela's plaintive ſtrain,
In ſome lone ſhade, I pitiful complain.
Begin, ſweet bird, thy lovelorn notes prolong;
Ye vocal rocks, repeat the mournful ſong.

My ſheep to crop the tender blade forbear,
Nor can unmov'd their keeper's ſorrow hear,
The maids and pitying ſhepherds gather round,
And kindly aſk who gave the fatal wound;
All grieve but Delia, heedleſs of my cries;
Ye vocal rocks, repeat my mournful ſighs.

No more the paſtimes of the rural field
Can cheer my heart, and wonted pleaſure yield,

Ah! how can theſe delight my penſive mind,
While haughty Delia's cruel and unkind;
From Strephon's arms precipitate ſhe flies;
Ye vocal rocks, repeat my mournful ſighs.

A dance was held on yonder ſhady green,
Where many a youth and village maid was ſeen;
There Delia came, in gay apparel dreſt,
And far outſhone the beauty of the reſt;
Then did I ſee Menalcas ſoon advance,
And lead the thoughtleſs charmer through the dance;
While ſick of jealouſy poor Strephon lies;
Ye vocal rocks, repeat my mournful ſighs.

What though my muſic melts each tender maid,
And tales of love each liſt'ning ear invade;
For oft they ſat around me in my cell,
Some pleaſing am'rous tale to hear me tell;
But Delia ev'ry ſong and tale diſdains;
Ye vocal rocks, repeat my mournful ſtrains.

Ah ſimple youth! how couldſt thou think to gain
A maid, who treats thy paſſion with diſdain?

One whoſe ambitious mind did ſtill aſpire
To reign a toaſt, and ſhine in rich attire;
If thou hadſt gold, the ſureſt bait of love,
Then mightſt thou hope her venal heart to move;
But ſhe will ſtill thy ſcanty fare deſpiſe;
Ye vocal rocks, repeat my mournful ſighs.

Go Delia, go, the nuptial bed prepare,
And let Menalcas ev'ry bleſſing ſhare;
Old though he be, his gold can make him young,
Unbend his brows, and ſmooth his ruſtic tongue:
But I, unhappy, whither ſhall I go?
Ah, whither find the ſolace of my wo?
No more I'll pipe, upon the flow'ry plain,
No more the grottoes echo to my ſtrain;
I'll hang my flute upon yon aged tree,
There let it hang in memory of me;
Which when the breathing zephyrs gently blow,
Will ſoftly ſound, in ſoothing notes of wo;
Mov'd by the ſound, ſome pitying ſwain will ſay,
" Its maſter lov'd the melancholy lay."
Begin, my flute, ye gentle gales ariſe;
Now ceaſe, ye echoes to repeat my ſighs.

There ſtands a rock which overlooks the deep,
Whence careful ſhepherds drive their heedleſs ſheep;
Urg'd by my paſſion thither will I go,
And from the top, this wretched body throw;
Then, then perhaps, her ſtubborn tears may flow,
And if ſhe's human, join the gen'ral wo;
But ah! falſe charmer, ſpare this crime alone;
Vainly to triumph when your lover's gone."

Thus ſung the ſhepherd till the early ray
Of morn appear'd, and chac'd the ſhades away;
Survey'd the cliff, but ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
Defer'd his leap, till the ſucceeding night.

PASTORAL III.

MYRA.

PART I.

I.

THE forefts are mantl'd in green,
The hawthorn in bloſſom looks gay,
The primroſe and daiſy are ſeen,
And birds carol ſweet on the ſpray.
'Tis now the gay ſeaſon of love,
Soft raptures inſpire ev'ry heart;
Come, Myra, retire to the grove,
While I my fond paſſion impart.

II.

You ſay, that you doubt if I love;
From whence can ſuch fancies ariſe;
If words are too languid to prove,
'Tis ſeen in the glance of mine eyes.
Believe me, thou charmer divine,
Thoſe vallies can witneſs my pain;
The ſtreams join their murmurs with mine,
And the echoes have learn'd to complain.

III.

I'm young, and too ſimple to lie,
To call thee a goddeſs or queen;
My flame is reveal'd in that ſigh,
My bluſhes explain what I mean.
My paſſion's ſo mild and ſincere,
And chaſte, as the innocent dove;
I call thee not falſe nor ſevere,
'Tis ſure the completeſt of love.

IV.

I walk by the whiſpering grove,
Where the zephyrs ſound ſoft thro' the ſpray,

I mourn, with the amorous dove;
And join the ſweet nightingale's lay,
Thoſe ſounds are ſo mournfully ſweet,
That mirth ſeems unpleaſant to me;
I'd leave the fond thought with regret,
Of indulging a paſſion for thee.

V.

I lie by the verge of the ſtream,
Whoſe murmurs oft lull me to reſt;
I court the kind flattering dream,
To lay me ſupine on thy breaſt;
I wake, and I fold thee in vain,
The ſhade is too ſubtile to keep;
I fooliſhly dote on my pain,
And find it a pleaſure to weep.

VI.

The pleaſures that wait on the ſpring,
The flow'rs and the fair budding tree,
The joys that the ſummer can bring,
Are taſteleſs when abſent from thee;
The warblers, that ſing from the grove,
In vain do their melody flow,

But when, with the maid that I love,
'Tis enchantment wherever I go.

VII.

I covet not jewels and gold,
The rich I unenvy'd can ſee,
No treaſure on earth I behold,
No jewel ſo precious as thee;
With me, to my cottage retire,
Unburthen'd with treaſure and wealth;
Let love all our pleaſures inſpire,
And live in contentment and health.

MYRA.

PART II.

I.

WHY heaves my fond heart with a ſigh?
Why wander ſo penſive alone?
I aſk, and the echoes reply,
'Cauſe ſhepherd, thy charmer is gone,
Outo'er yon green mountain ſhe flies,
Ah cruel! no more to return,
Another, poſſeſs'd of the prize,
She leaves the poor ſhepherd to mourn.

II.

I urg'd my requeſt to the fair,
Who liſten'd awhile to my tale;
She ſigh'd, with a languiſhing air,
And I thought my fond ſuit would prevail.
Poor ſhepherd, thy tranſport refrain,
Unhappy thou ever ſhalt be,
She ſighs for a gentle young ſwain,
And deſpiſes thy ſheep-hook and thee.

III.

Young Calledon came to the plain,
He look'd like a perſon divine,
Was honour'd by every ſwain,
Each tongue ſpoke his praiſes but mine;
For Myra his beauty admir'd,
A glance the fond virgin had won,
With him from the plain ſhe retir'd,
She lov'd him and I am undone.

IV.

My wandering ſheep I forſook,
Regardleſs of ought that was mine;

I loſt both my pipe and my crook,
While my friends at my folly repine:
My roſes neglected grew pale,
And my bee-hives all empty were found;
Pale poverty haunted the vale,
Where pleaſure and wealth did abound.

V.

Ye ſwains, who beheld me of late
With envy, and thought me ſo bleſs'd;
See how, by the turn of hard fate,
I'm rob'd of the joy I poſſeſs'd.
Have pity, nor cruelly boaſt,
And triumph to hear my ſad moan;
But think the fair charmer I've loſt
Gives exquiſite torment alone.

VI.

Ye gales, on your pinions ſo light,
O waft to her ear the ſad ſtrain:
O tell her my pitiful plight,
And bid her return to her ſwain,
If yet ſoft compaſſion does dwell
In her boſom, its manſion before,

She'll cruelty, break thy curs'd ſpell,
And bleſs her kind ſhepherd once more.

VII.

Ceaſe, Corydon, ceaſe the fond ſtrain,
Ah what will thy ſorrow avail!
Thy ſighs and thy tears are in vain,
Thy numbers are loſt in the gale;
Yet ſtill will I wander and mourn,
Though nought but the echoes reply;
For Myra no more will return,
Then, mourn, hapleſs ſhepherd, and die.

PASTORAL IV.

CORYDON's ELEGY.

I.

COME, ſhepherds, and aid me to mourn,
Ye nymphs, bring me garlands of yew,
Around our young Corydon's urn
The branches we'll laviſhly ſtrew:
To all he was gentle and kind,
By all the dear youth was belov'd,
He charm'd with the wit of his mind,
And his muſic was always approv'd.

II.

When he ſung, he enchanted each maid,
Such magic was heard in the ſound;
Now his pipe it hangs mute in the ſhade,
And the groves are all gloomy around.

The breezes proclaim, with a ſigh,
His loſs, and his abſence deplore;
And the echoes, in murmurs, reply
We'll repeat his ſoft verſes no more.

III.

But ſure, all his charms to diſplay,
No Poet can boaſt of the ſkill,
Nor would you believe what I ſay,
Let me tell you as true as I will;
For modeſty, ſweetneſs and truth
Him ſhepherd could never excel,
If a fault e'er attended the youth,
That fault was his loving too well.

IV.

The Muſes were kind to the boy,
And taught him their ſkifulleſt lore,
But his Myra was haughty and coy,
And deſpis'd him becauſe he was poor.
Yet ſure ſhe was fooliſh and vain,
To flee from her Corydon's arms,
To treat a fond youth with diſdain
Poſſeſs'd of ſuch exquiſite charms.

V.

He forſook the delights of the field,
The dance on the flow'r cover'd green,
Gay revels no pleaſure could yield,
When his Myra no more could be ſeen.
In the gloomieſt place he could find
He hid him from every eye,
There nurs'd the diſtreſs of his mind,
And there the ſad ſhepherd did die.

VI.

Come, virgins, around him and weep,
When ſummer is freſh in its bloom,
Here, yearly, a feſtival keep,
And hang with freſh garlands his tomb:
Here plant the dull cypreſs and yew,
Let his pipe be diſplay'd in the grove,
That the virgins may ſay, when they view,
"There lies a ſad victim of love."

MORNING.

A

POEM.

MORNING.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt birds.

MILTON.

AWAKE, my Muſe, on fancy's pinions born,
Ariſe, and ſing the beauties of the morn,
O Phœbus, maſter of the tuneful nine,
Inſpire my thoughts, and poliſh ev'ry line.

Be preſent, all you kind propitious pow'rs,
Welcome attendants on the jocund hours,
Ye ſports, and little loves, O come along,
And roſy health, the ſweeteſt of the throng;
Blithe mirth and humour join the feſtive train,
Smile on the Bard, and dance around the ſtrain.

Now, in the eaſt, the faintly gleaming light
Divides the empire of the day and night,
Thick clouds before Aurora's chariot fly,
The ſtars grow dim, and leave the op'ning ſky,
The village cock, with clarion ſhrill and clear,
Proclaims aloud the day's approach is near;
While careful dames, whom love of thrift inſpires,
Grope through the gloom, to rouſe the morning fires,
The ſwallows twitter from the chimney height,
Expand their pinions, and renew their flight;
The owl and bat, offended at the ſun,
Forſake the light, the day obnoxious ſhun,
And in ſome rocky cliff, or ruin gray,
Their lonely manſion, diſſipate the day.

Scar'd at theſe omens of approaching light,
Pale fear and horror meditate their flight;
The ſons of darkneſs, guilt and grim deſpair,
To low brow'd rocks and gloomy cells repair,
White ſheeted ghoſts, that nightly vigils keep
In lone church-yards, and o'er their bodies weep,
Evaniſh, while the mirthful fairy bands
Fly hence, and revel in far diſtant lands.

The trav'ller, who had wander'd from his way,
Deluded by the meteor's guileful ray,
Adjuſts his path, and meditates aghaſt,
The dangers he ſo narrowly has paſt,
And what, before he fancy'd ghoſts, he ſees
Are foggy ſtones and ſtumps of leafleſs trees.

And now the orient gates of heav'n unfold,
The ruddy ſkies are bright with rays of gold,
Dan Phœbus, mounted on his glowing wain,
Gives light and life to cheer the world again;
The mountain tops reflect the early beams,
His burning image dances on the ſtreams;
The lofty ſpire the tow'rs amazing height,
Shine from afar, and glitter on the ſight.
Unnumber'd beauties ſtrike the wond'ring eyes,
Gay to the view th' unbounded proſpect lies;
Far as the lab'ring ſight can trace around,
Blue airy hills the wide horizon bound,
From pendant rocks the tinkling rills deſcend,
Beneath the breeze, the verdant foreſts bend,
Freſh dewy drops the flow'ry ſhrubs adorn,
Like orient gems, they twinkle on the thorn;

Well cultur'd fields the future harveſt bear,
With all the produce of the ſmiling year.

The herald lark begins her mattin lay,
Sweet ſylvan minſtrel of the riſing day;
Up from her neſt ſhe ſoars, on flutt'ring wings,
And as ſhe riſes, loud and cheerful ſings:
While, from the hazel green and ſpreading buſh,
The cheerful linnet and melodious thruſh,
The gaudy goldfinch and the cooing dove,
With ev'ry tuneful tenant of the grove,
Begin their notes, ſuch joy their hearts inſpire,
Till all around 'tis one confus'd harmonious quire.

Now let me ſtart from ſleep, at early dawn,
To range the woods or tread the dewy lawn,
Delighted with the fragrance of the bow'rs,
And ſcents that blow from aromatic flow'rs,
To ſnuff each balmy gale of morn that brings
Etherial ſweetneſs, on its lucid wings,
The curious ſkill of nature's hand to trace,
Diſplay'd, with wonder, in the flow'ry race:
But O! what hand can touch a theme ſo fine,
What pencil nature draw ſo ſmooth as thine,

What youthful bride, bedeck'd in rich array,
Can equal, and ſuch glorious pomp diſplay.

Little they know the pleaſure which they loſe,
Who waſte the morn in indolent repoſe;
Perhaps by tantalizing dreams betray'd,
Or by alarming night mares ſore diſmay'd,
Sometimes the mimic apparition ſhows
A ſeries of inextricable woes;
Grim ſpectres threaten, with terrific air,
In all the gloomy horrors of deſpair;
Impending rocks and precipices fright,
Or falling from a tow'r's ſtupendous height,
Sometimes in monſters' dreadful paws they ſeem,
Or plunging ſinking in the turbid ſtream:
Ten thouſand forms the tempting dream can find,
To tear and torture the diſtracted mind.
Shake off his fetters, break th' enchanter's pow'r,
And through the country take a morning tour;
This ſweetens life, and mitigates our woes,
And health and ſmiling cheerfulneſs beſtows.

Hark! from afar the ſhrill ton'd bugles ſound,
The diſtant hills th' arouſing call rebound;

The howling dogs, impatient of delay,
Leap nimbly round and off at diſtance bay,
With ſcents ſagacious ſnuff the tainted gale;
The neighing courſers nimbly ſcour the dale:
And now the huntſman gives th' inſpiring cry,
In mix'd purſuit, men, hounds and horſes fly.

In Caledonia, in the days of old,
When ev'ry ſon was as his father bold,
When, in each breaſt, a manly ardour burn'd,
And freedom's ſons the thoughts of bondage ſpurn'd;
Each hardy youth to martial toil was bred,
Their tender limbs in fulgid armour clad,
'Twas theirs with ſpeed, th' unerring dart to throw,
To wield the ſpear, and bend the ſtubborn bow,
To rein the fiery ſteed, at dawn of day,
To range the foreſt, and diſlodge the prey,
To brave the tempeſts, on the rocky ſhore,
And, through the ſnows, purſue the ſavage boar;
At early dawn they heard th' arouſing call,
At night, aſſembled in the ſtately hall;
The feaſt of ſhells the thought of care beguiles,
The fair reward them with auſpicious ſmiles.

By gray hair'd Bards, the ſounding harps are ſtrung,
And mighty chiefs, and deeds of valour ſung.

Not ſuch the gaudy youth, of modern years,
A butterfly the meager fop appears;
A thing transform'd from ev'ry human ſhape;
And what he moſt reſembles is an ape;
A gaudy head, but deſtitute of ſenſe,
And oaths and curſes are his ſole defence,
Dreſs, and the ladies, his ſupreme delight;
The walk by day, and maſquerade by night,
Keeps up the riot, till the lateſt hour,
And then uncapable aſcends his bow'r;
In fumes of wine, he ſleeps the morn away,
And empty dreams of pleaſure waſte the day.

The rev'rend hermit, with the riſing ſun,
Already has his oriſons begun;
Out from his cell, I hear his pray'rs aſcend;
'Tis thus his days begin and thus they end.
The careful farmers rub their half-ſhut eyes,
And call their ſimple families to riſe;
With ſteady view, the welkin they ſurvey,
And plan the future labour of the day.

The ſhepherd drives his bleating flock along,
And, as he marches, hums his country ſong.
The roſy milk-maid, in the graſſy dale,
From ſwelling udders fills her flowing pail;
Sweetly ſhe ſings, while ſome enamour'd ſwain,
Her conſcious lover, liſtens to the ſtrain.

Muſe, ſing the paſſion of a rural pair,
Damon the ſwain, Amanda was the fair:
Long time he burn'd, with love's reſiſtleſs fire,
And ſhe as long, conceal'd the ſame deſire;
Both lov'd, and both the ſtruggling flame ſuppreſs'd,
Tho' words conceal'd, their eyes the truth confeſs'd,
'Till once it chanc'd, at morn Amanda came,
And did her paſſion to the groves proclaim;
She ſigh'd, and when ſhe thought herſelf alone,
In ſimple accents, made her am'rous moan.

" Ah hapleſs maid! how long muſt I conceal
My growing flame, and ne'er my pain reveal,
Always in ſecret, my diſtreſs endure,
Live in deſpair, nor hope to ſpeed my cure,
O ſad reſtraint, which ſimple virgins prove,
To love, yet never tell how much we love:

Fain would I break the bands of virgin pride,
Nor longer thus my ſtruggling paſſion hide,
O lovely Damon, O ungrateful boy!
Why to thy poor Amanda wild and coy?
But why accuſe him, now perhaps ev'n he
Is in ſuch torment, ſuch diſtreſs for me.
O lovely Damon, would you once declare
Thy ſecret wiſhes, and relieve my care,
Scarce could the accents from thy lips depart,
But I would bluſh conſent, and yield my heart.
O aid a lover, ev'ry gentle gale,
And to my Damon waft the tender tale."

Thus wail'd the nymph, when in a ſecret ſhade
Her lover lay, and heard the am'rous maid,
Scarce could he credit what he wiſh'd to hear,
By love deceiv'd (for lovers always fear)
What could he do? he ſeiz'd th' auſpicious time;
Condemn him, lovers, if he did a crime,
Around her neck his willing arms he threw,
While tears of joy her roſy cheeks bedew;
O happieſt morn (he cries) that ever roſe,
Reſerv'd to put an end to all my woes,

To hear that welcome ſacred truth reveal'd,
Which backward modeſty ſo long conceal'd.
Then hear my vow, ye ſacred pow'rs above,
The guiltleſs vow of innocence and love;
That long as life ſhall warm this vital frame,
My love ſhall unimpair'd remain the ſame.

Here ſtopp'd th' enraptur'd youth, and left the reſt
In love's dumb eloquence to be expreſt:
The maid ſtood mute, her tranſport held her ſo,
And as ſhe gaz'd the tears began to flow,
Hymen triumphant, rear'd his torch on high,
And ſtood, prepar'd, the ſacred knot to tie:
Blithe cupids flutter round the happy pair,
And Io pæans warbled through the air.

Stripp'd, on the green, the ſturdy mowers ſtand,
And each the deathful weapon in his hand;
Behind, with rakes, the jolly bands prepare
To ſpread the clover, to the ſultry air.
Full many a ſong and ruſtic joke prevail,
And laughter loud, and round unpoliſh'd tale:
On ev'ry field amuſive groups appear,
And cheerful ſounds delight the liſt'ning ear.

Loud echoes anſwer to the falling rills,
Flocks bleat, and ſhepherds pipe upon the hills,
The cattle low, the lab'ring hinds rejoice,
And all conſpire to form a mix'd harmonious noiſe.

Now morning bells, from ev'ry diſtant ſpire,
Make languid ſloth and ſomnolence retire:
The flying gales convey the ſwelling ſound,
And echoes anſwer from the hills around.
Rous'd at the call, ſharp induſtry awakes,
And lying dreams, and balmy reſt forſakes;
Now ſturdy labour urges on the toil,
The brawny ſmith renews his daily moil;
Loud hammers thump, and ſounding anvils chime,
And ruſtic ſongs delude the lagging time.
The crouded ſtreets are noiſe and tumult all,
The coaches rattle, and loud car-men bawl:
Thicker and thicker grows the giddy throng,
And buſy crouds confuſ'dly march along.

EVENING.

A

POEM.

EVENING

A

POEM

EVENING.

—— Mild ev'ning comes
Sacred to meditation and the Muſe.

COME, dewy Ev'ning, ſpread thy duſky vail,
Along the landſcape's wide extended ſcene;
In ſweet confuſion, hide the drouſy world,
Till Cynthia gain the empire of the ſkies,
Come, in thy ſadly pleaſing horrors clad,
And aid my numbers, while of thee I ſing.

Come, contemplation, from thy ſacred cave,
To aid th' advent'rous Muſe, and lead her on;
And thee, bright fancy, with thy ſhadowy train
Like changeful Proteus, in a thouſand ſhapes,
And mix'd ideas, dreadful and ſublime.

Beyond the ſummit of yon airy hill,
Which overlooks the loud reſounding main,
The fair hair'd ſun emits his lateſt beams,
The mountain tops reflect the tranſient ray,
And pointed rocks effulgent ſhine with gold.
Along the level green, the lengthen'd ſhade
Extends gigantic, and with ſtately ſtrides,
The trav'ller ſeems to walk from hill to hill.
The ſhadowy clouds hang o'er the azure main,
In radiant forms, with golden circles bound,
To draw the curtain o'er the drooping ſcene,
And ſend down Phœbus to his wat'ry bed.

Now let me wander o'er the dewy lawn,
Or reach the ſummit of ſome tow'ring height,
Exalted high, above the verdant vales,
Where down the rocks the daſhing waters fall,
And play, in drouſy murmurs, to the breeze,
Or, where the lovelorn philomela ſings
Her plaintive notes, amid the woodland ſhades;
Or trace the paths inſpired Bards have trode,
Rapt in extatic viſions, when they held
Delightful converſe with celeſtial forms,

Hark! from the diſtant dim diſcover'd ſpires,
The drouſy bells proclaim, with ſolemn ſound,
Another day, of fleeting time, elapſ'd;
The healthy peaſant ſeeks his lowly cot,
Remotely ſhaded by an aged thorn,
Where, round the cheerful hearth, the infant throng,
With ſmiling accents, welcome home their ſire.
The careful ſhepherd pens his bleating flocks,
Within the mud-built walls, and homeward bends
His lonely way, and carols as he goes,
While vocal rocks re-echo to the ſong.

Upon the green, beneath a ſpreading tree,
Whoſe ample branches form a greateful ſhade,
The rural friends, in homely order rang'd,
Diſcuſs, in ſimple phraſe, the village news;
Or round ſome rev'rend, hoary headed ſage,
Eſteem'd an oracle, attentive ſit,
And liſten to the tale of other times.

The nimble younkers, on the dewy green,
Purſue their gambols undiſturb'd with care,
While, pin'd with love, the ſprightly youths retire
To am'rous vigils, in the ſecret ſhade,

Where, pleas'd and anxious of th' appointed hour,
The ſimple virgin, with her artleſs ſong,
Impatient drives the lazy time away.

But he unhappy, curs'd beyond compare,
Who's doom'd to ſuffer the coy maid's diſdain,
Or to the wood, or gloomy haunt, he flies
In ſad deſpair, unheedful of his way;
And, in ſome penſive melancholy ſtrain,
Makes woods and wilds repeat his am'rous moan.

Now ſolemn ſilence reigns the world around;
In ſad ſolemnity and awful pomp,
Circle on circle, roll the dark'ning clouds,
And nature ſhrouds her in the ſable robe.
The breezes ſleep, nor wave the pendant groves,
Nor anſwers echo to the ſound of joy:
Only the moon-ey'd bat, on reſtleſs wings,
In airy circles takes her nightly round.
The howling fox upon the cloudy hill,
Or boding raven from the leafleſs oak,
The ſullen beetle's drouſy ſounding horn,
Or night owl ſcreaming to the riſing moon,

Among ſequeſter'd groves, and briery dells,
Green ſhady bow'rs or haunted fountain's brim,
In feſtive circles, trip the fairy train,
Troop after troop leads on the cavalcade;
Sylvans and genii, and the dapper elves,
In winding maze alternately they ſhift
Their nimble feet to aerial minſtrelſey.

Oft, guided by the ſweet muſician's ſtrains,
Way-faring clowns their deſtin'd road forſake,
Till in the reach of thoſe nocturnal bands,
By magic charm'd to ſweet perdition run.
Mounted on nimble ſteeds they lightly ſkim
Through airy portals, to the ſplendid hall,
Where ſits enthron'd, the beauteous fairy queen.
Unnumber'd wonders feaſt their raviſh'd eyes,
Beyond what human fancy e'er could paint,
Or fab'ling Poets dream; there lovely meads,
There chryſtal fountains, fragrant ſhady groves,
Delightful walks, and amaranthian bow'rs.

Enamour'd of the ſhades pale ſpectres riſe,
And ghaſtly phantoms rear their hideous forms,
And ſtalk with ſtrides horrific through the gloom;

Grim terror ſeizes on the human mind,
And morbid fancy magnifies the dread.
Among the heaving graves and mould'ring tombs,
The red wing'd meteor hovers lightly round,
And points where ſome devoted ſwain ſhall lie.

Deep in the windings of yon dreary vale,
Appears the ruins of an aged fane,
In tott'ring fragments mould'ring to decay,
If ſome benighted trav'ller's gloomy path
Leads him ill fated near its lonely walls,
Soon he accelerates his timid ſteps
To paſs unnotic'd theſe abhor'd abodes;
For oft the neighbouring cottagers declare,
At ſolemn midnight, from the ſounding iſles,
Sad hollow groans and mournful cries are heard,
That round the charnel ſtalk white ſheeted ghoſts
Or howl beneath the yews funereal ſhade.

O ſuperſtition, monſter breeding pow'r,
What forms terrific what chimeras dire
Doſt thou impoſe upon the mind of man,
No ſacred place, no conſecrated dome,
No lonely wood, but has its fiend from thee.

Yet let me here indulge the ſoothing dream,
And credulous believe what others tell
Of ſouls departed, who, when night returns,
Reviſit thoſe dear ſcenes which erſt they lov'd;
Then may I, haply on my lonely walk,
Aſtoniſh'd ſee my long loſt friends once more;
Perhaps whilſt I complain, beſide the ſtream,
Where oft with Maria, I have ſpent the day
In fond endearments, ſhe from diſtant climes
May come and liſten to her lover's moan;
Or thou, Philander, much beloved youth,
May'ſt come and hover round my nightly bed,
Hear my complaints, for my diſtreſſes feel,
And whiſper hope to my deſponding ſoul.

Diſdaining meaner themes, mount, O my Muſe,
On contemplation's eagle pinions born,
And yonder grand nocturnal ſcene ſurvey:
See Heſperus, bright harbinger of eve,
In beauteous order leads the ſtarry train.
Beyond yon heath-clad mountain's ſable brow
A radiant circle ſhines; the ſilver moon,
In clouded majeſty, emerging ſlow
To light the world, with her reflected beams.

The clouds withdraw, along th' etherial plain,
Pure and ſerene ſhe holds her lucid way:
Around their Queen the circling planets dance,
And ſtars unnumber'd ſpread from pole to pole.
The vallies ſhine, the mountain's rocky height,
The ſtately ſpire, the ivy mantled tow'r,
And dimpling ſtreams reflect the ſilver ray.

Hail, gentle Cynthia, pureſt orb of night,
Queen of the ſtarry train, whoſe radiant lamp
Supplies the abſence of the God of day;
Come, in thy virgin majeſty array'd,
Clear and tranſparent, be the wand'rer's aid,
The lover's guide, that leads him to the bow'r
Of promis'd bliſs, where the expecting maid
Receives the willing wand'rer to her arms.

What were the lonely night, depriv'd of thee,
But horror and impenetrable gloom.
When Phœbus hides his chariot in the weſt,
To give another hemiſphere the day,
Thy milder beams the drooping landſcape cheer,
And ſofter ſhades the face of things aſſume.
Along the riſing hill, or by the ſtream,

The lonely trav'ller winds his eaſy way,
Rejoicing thankful of his radiant guide,
While the pleas'd ſhepherd, watching o'er his flock,
Amus'd beholds the lawny proſpect clear.

Theſe are thy bleſſings, lovely Cynthia, thine
Although unnumber'd yet remain unſung,
Thine is the empire of the azure main,
Whoſe ſwelling tides thy motions all obey;
Thy pow'rful ſceptre, o'er the vaſt abyſs
Extended, bids its waters ebb and flow.
By thee the months are meaſur'd, and by thee
The ſons of men divide revolving time:
For ſtill thy courſe unvarying rolls the ſame,
Obedient to the Great Supreme command.

Come, ye contracted ſons of little ſoul,
Who Nature's God and all his works confine,
Who, like the brutes that graze along the fields,
Gaze on thoſe orbs with unadmiring eyes
Void of devotion, liſten to the truth
Which they convey, for they in reaſon's ear
Proclaim aloud our Maker is divine.

SILVANUS,

OR

THE GENIUS OF TIVIOT.

A

FRAGMENT.

SILVANUS.

A FRAGMENT.

THAT fate how hard where genius is depreſs'd
By poverty, and hid in ſhades obſcure;
The ardent flame that would with luſtre ſhine
Bright and effulgent, as the ſolar beam,
Is ſtiff'd and but ſhows a glimm'ring ray,
The patriotic mind, the hero's flame,
The deeply ſearching philoſophic ſage,
And they who might have tun'd the Muſes' lyre
To ſtrains ſeraphic, that would raiſe the heart
To heav'nly tranſports and celeſtial joys,
Lie hid, obſcure among the vulgar throng,
And waſte their days in ignorant diſguiſe.

Where rural TIVIOT rolls his ſilver waves
The verdant woods and rocky hills among,
Whoſe airy ſummits, crown'd with tufted groves,
The half embrown'd and half in mantle green,
O'er-arch the rills that from their fountains flow
And murmur ſmoothly through the graſſy dale,
T' adorn the wild ſequeſter'd fairy ſcene.
There old Palemon dwelt, a ſimple ſwain,
Such as Arcadians were in golden times,
Of venerable aſpect, ſweet and mild;
Gray were the locks that round his temples flow'd,
And wanton'd graceful in the paſſing gale.
The darling of his youth, and ſtaff of age,
Was virtuous Emma whom he fondly lov'd
In youth, and friendſhip ſweet'ned all their days;
Bleſs'd with one pledge of ſoft connubial love,
They paſs'd their time, the happieſt pair that liv'd.

Fair, as the morning, ſmil'd the lovely boy
Yclep'd SILVANUS, in the foreſts bred;
As ſome fair tree beſide the river's brink
Grows green and ſtately, lovely to behold,
So grew Silvanus, in the bloom of youth,

His cheeks were tinged with the roſy dye,
His waving locks adown his ſhoulders fell
In beauteous ringlets: ſuch, as Poets tell,
Was young Adonis, or the Phrygian boy,
Whom rival goddeſſes did once ſurround,
And made him umpire of the golden prize.

All ſaw and lov'd Silvanus, yet an air
Of penſive thoughtful melancholy ſat
Strongly depainted on his youthful brow,
And downcaſt eyes, that ever lov'd the ground:
Nor would he mingle in the rural ſports,
Or join the revels of the youthful train;
Deep in his heart the inward pleaſure glow'd
For ſolitude and joy to them unknown.

Soon as Aurora ting'd the blue ſerene,
And orient ſkies with ruddy luſtre ſhone,
Companion of the lark, he bent his way
Along the lawns, and bruſh'd the dews of morn;
And, as the landſcape brightned all around,
He gaz'd enraptur'd on the lovely ſcene:
From hill to hill his eyes excurſive rov'd,
O'er waving foreſts and the barren wilds,

Or reach'd the ſummit of an airy hill,
Or trac'd the gloomy thickets of the grove;
Pleas'd with the ſound of woodland melody,
The bleat of flocks, the tuneful ſhepherd's pipe,
The falling waters and the murm'ring breeze.

Far from the ſight of the incurious eye,
And only to the lonely ſhepherd known,
Among the heath-clad hills and vales obſcure,
A rapid current roll'd its foamy waves
O'er precipices of ſtupendous height,
And rous'd the echoes, with the thund'ring noiſe,
Where fractur'd rocks, and old fantaſtic oaks
Nodded impending o'er the hoary ſteep:
There would he ſit, beneath ſome aged tree,
And view the rudely wild romantic ſcene;
Pleas'd all alone, the livelong ſummer day,
T' indulge the ſweet enthuſiaſtic joy.

When the bright Sun deſcended in the weſt,
And modeſt Cynthia ſhed her ſilver light,
Then would he liſten to the mournful ſong
Of am'rous philomela, in the bow'r,
Or, where ſome ruin'd caſtle's tott'ring walls,

O'ergrown with ivy, nodded to the moon;
Where oft, as ſuperſtitious peaſants tell,
Grim ghoſts of murther'd Warriors ſtalk'd around,
He wander'd, and in rapt attention, heard
The night owl, and the boding raven's voice
Sound ſad and ſolemn in the lonely halls.

Nor were the ſpring and ſummer months leſs dear,
Or leſs amuſing to the wondrous youth
Than when the earth was clad in ermine robe,
And gurgling ſtreams, in icy fetters bound;
Or when the wind and ſtormy tempeſts roar'd,
And warring elements, in dire affray,
Thunder'd terrific, ſtill he felt a joy
That rais'd ideas dreadfully ſublime.

Fain would he try'd, in language fit, to paint
The ſweets of ſpring, the ſummers gaudy pride,
The wealth of autumn, and in ſtrains ſublime,
To ſing the horrors of a wintry ſtorm;
And oft, in artleſs lays, and numbers wild
He bravely try'd the great advent'rous theme.

THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

A POEM.

THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

I ſtill had hopes, for pride attends us ſtill,
Among the ſwains to ſhow my book-learn'd ſkill.

GOLDSMITH.

MUSE, ſing the ſong which Damon made,
As once he ſat beneath the ſhade;
Where, liſt'ning on the flow'ry ground,
His youthful audience ſat around.

He thus begun, Unwilling I,
O friends, with your demands comply,
For undeſerving are the lays,
And Poet, you are pleas'd to praiſe,
Whoſe only ſkill is to rehearſe
Some rural tale, in ſimple verſe,
Or, in ſome elegiac ſtrain
Of love and wayward fate complain.

No jovial planet, at my birth,
Sent its enliv'ning influence forth;
No happy conſtellation ſhone,
But melancholy reign'd alone.

Awhile, capricious fortune ſmil'd,
And my deluded hopes beguil'd;
In innocence and careleſs play
My years of childhood ſped away,
Through thoſe delightful golden years
I rambl'd with my young compeers;
No heart corroding care I knew,
No gloomy proſpect roſe to view,
Gay as the kids, at early dawn,
I rambl'd o'er the dewy lawn;
The moſſy bank, and winding rill,
Amus'd my youthful fancy ſtill.

Short while the coz'ning moments laſt,
And care advances wondrous faſt,
The golden age too quickly gone,
The buſy turmoil haſtens on,
Schemes of importance fill the mind,
And wild ambition ill to bind;

Pleaſure begins to ſpread her charms,
And lure the captives to her arms,
While love, with his envenom'd dart,
Infuſes poiſon through the heart.

Now future ſchemes were wiſely laid,
And learning ſummon'd to my aid,
What bright imaginations grew!
What fond ideas roſe to view!
Ambition's wild fantaſtic train,
Attendants of the proud and vain.
With ſteady mind the taſk I bore,
Curious her wonders to explore,
And, with the youths of equal age,
Perus'd her rudimental page.

But ah! how vain are human ſchemes,
Illuſive viſions, empty dreams,
Which when we graſp, our hopes betray'd,
We loſe the ſubſtance for the ſhade.

Now bluſt'ring ſtorms begin to riſe,
And low'ring clouds involve the ſkies,

Misfortunes, cruel and unkind,
Ferment the ſtorm, and fan the wind,
Diſtreſs, in various ſhapes aroſe,
Each thought of pleaſure to oppoſe;
Proſperity appear'd no more,
To land us on ſome peaceful ſhore,
Falſe friends, with fortune, took their flight,
And quickly vaniſh'd out of ſight;
And thoſe who former bounties ſhar'd,
With other miſcreants diſappear'd;
Our native home we all forgo,
To wander through a world of wo;
A friendleſs melancholy train,
Expos'd to ev'ry fool's diſdain.

Now with my friends, their grief I ſhare,
And bear an equal load of care:
Sometimes I wail my hapleſs ſtate,
And murmur at my adverſe fate;
Till cheer'd by hope's enliv'ning ray,
I chace the gloomy thoughts away,
Truſting that Heaven may yet beſtow
Some future good, for preſent wo.

Had the mad beldam finiſh'd here,
And ſtopp'd, in midſt of her career,
My cares had then appear'd but ſmall,
Comparatively none at all;
But now, the little God of love,
Began my youthful heart to move;
Maria's charms, which all admire,
Enflam'd my heart with am'rous fire:
At firſt, unknowing whence it came,
I fed the ſadly pleaſing flame;
By backward modeſty afraid,
I view'd, with awe, the lovely maid,
And, conſcious of her pow'r alone,
In ſecret made my am'rous moan:
Far from the cheerful haunts of man
To gloomy woods and wilds I ran,
No mirth could eaſe my aching heart;
No friendly counſel aid impart;
To all, the fatal cauſe unknown,
I burn'd in ſecret, burn'd alone;
Sometimes I'd praiſe, ſometimes upbraid,
The innocent tormenting maid.

Driv'n, by my paſſion, to divert,
Or paint the anguiſh of my heart,
I woo'd the Muſes, in the ſhade,
To celebrate the charming maid:
Neglecting all, but love and ſong,
I paſs'd the tardy hours along;
Till (ah who can the tale relate)
Approach'd the ſaddeſt ſtroke of fate!
When what, on earth, I valu'd moſt
Was irrecoverably loſt,
A gaudy empty ſon of pride
Made the illuſtrious nymph a bride.

When the unwelcome news I heard,
Th' unwelcome news, which long I fear'd,
Dumb with deſpair, I ſtood amaz'd,
And like ſome lifeleſs image gaz'd;
Pale and forlorn, I ſought the ſhade,
To mourn the dear enchanting maid:
Till tir'd with grief my ſpirits gone,
Bright Reaſon reaſſum'd the throne:
" Be wiſe (ſhe cry'd) and ſtop your grief,
And ſeek, from nobler aims, relief:

How many youths, by love undone,
And folly, to perdition run!
Turn, mournful youth, O turn in time,
Ere grief involve you in a crime;
Go, pay thy vows at Honour's ſhrine,
And make that beſt ambition thine;
Go, inſtant, and enrol your name,
A daring candidate for Fame."

Straight to the Goddeſs I repair,
And bend an humble ſuppliant there;
And view the ſtately column rear'd,
Where laurel'd names enroll'd appear'd;
The ſpoils of learning I explore,
And turn each ſapient volume o'er;
Fir'd with old Homer's Epic page,
I burn with his heroic rage.
Charm'd with the ſkilful Mantuan Bard,
I read with rev'rence and regard;
And Ovid never fails to move
My heart, and wake my dormant love;
Taught by ſweet Thomſon how to ſing,
I celebrate the blooming ſpring,

The charms the varying ſeaſons yield,
And all the beauties of the field;
But, charming Shenſtone, thee I chuſe,
To guide my unexperienc'd Muſe,
To ſing with elegance and eaſe,
And with ſimplicity to pleaſe.

IRVINE WATER.

A

POEM.

IRVING WATER.

POEM.

IRVINE WATER.

Yet run for ever by the Muſe's ſkill,
And in the ſmooth deſcription murmur ſtill.

ADDISON.

ROUS'D at the proſpect of the blooming ſpring,
Again my youthful Muſe attempts to ſing:
Of woods and plains, the beauties to rehearſe,
Or make ſome fav'rite ſtream adorn my verſe.

Hail, IRVINE, thou whoſe flow'ry banks ſo gay,
And vocal groves firſt heard my rural lay;
Fain would the Muſe this early tribute bring,
And try the beauties of thy courſe to ſing:
Ye Naiades, pour your liquid ſtores along,
And ſweetly murmur to the rural ſong.

In vain we ſearch for Simois' ſilver ſource,
Where Ilium's ruins choke its winding courſe.
No more Scammander rages o'er the plains,
Yet rolls his waves in Homer's matchleſs ſtrains.
O, did my Muſe, with equal ardour glow,
As long thy waves ſhould in my numbers flow.

Now dawns the day, the duſky ſhadows fly,
The ſun in glory mounts the azure ſky,
The diſtant landſcape opens to the view,
The miſty mountains, wet with early dew,
Round pearly drops hang pendant on the ſpray,
The flow'rs expand their foliage to the day,
On ev'ry verdant buſh and blooming thorn,
The plumy warblers hail the roſy morn.

What joy to wander undiſturb'd with care,
To breathe the fragrance of the morning air,
Where Irvine's ſtreams glide gently through the dale,
And gather health from ev'ry riſing gale;
To ſtray the woods and dewy lawns among,
Led by the Muſe, to meditate the ſong,
Or curious, wand'ring to an airy height,
Indulge my fancy with the varied ſight.

From where yon mountain's tufted tops ariſe,
To where the ſun rolls down the weſtern ſkies,
Where, midſt a ſpacious frith, black Arran ſhrouds
Its rocky top, among ſurrounding clouds,
A noble proſpect, ſtretch'd before the eye,
May with Heſperia or Arcadia vie
Here, winding dales, and lenthen'd plains extend,
There, from the vales, the cloud capt hills aſcend;
Here, waving foreſts, mantl'd all in green,
With fertile fields and flow'ry lawns between;
There, winding ſtreams the verdant meads adorn,
And, dimpling ſmooth, reflect the rays of morn.
Along the margin rural ſeats appear,
And gardens blooming with the vernal year.

What though the wond'ring trav'ller ſtill admires,
Italia's lofty domes and lengthen'd ſpires;
Her gilded proſpects, ſtretch'd in bright array,
Poetic ſcenes with flow'rs and verdure gay,
Or let Arabia boaſt her ſpicy fields,
More precious bleſſings Caledonia yields;
Though leſs exuberant, our northern ſoil,
Yet peace and plenty crown the lab'rers toil;

Here all that's charming, all that's ſweet is found,
And Liberty makes nature ſmile around.

Where firſt the ſtream his ſacred ſource forſakes,
And, through the wilds, his mazy winding takes;
Where water, from the pendant rock, diſtills,
And, foſter'd by the gently purling rills,
Where circling ivy mantling bow'rs diſplay,
The lonely owl forſakes the cheerful day.
Here, like ſome ruffian from the world exil'd,
The rav'nous hawk reigns tyrant of the wild;
The lonely ſhepherd, on the banks reclin'd,
Nurſes fantaſtic notions in his mind.
The turtle wails, upon the aged trees,
The water, ſounding to the whiſp'ring breeze,
Repeating caves reſound the water's fall,
And melancholy murmurs anſwer all.

As by degrees the Naiades ſwell the tide,
Th' expanding landſcape opens fair and wide;
There ſtately towns and villages ariſe,
And lofty piles, whoſe turrets reach the ſkies,
Here many an antient tow'r and fortreſs ſtands,
The ſad memorials of contending lands;

When kindred nations fiercely ſtrove in arms,
And fill'd the hoſtile land with dire alarms:
Then heap'd with ſlaughter ev'ry field appear'd,
And war through all the land his horrid aſpect rear'd.

Where heaps of carnage ſtrew'd th' enſanguin'd plain,
The ſkilful farmer rears the yellow grain:
The lazy ſhepherd lies upon the ground,
Amid th' extended trench, and verdant mound;
While rough induſtry plies his uſeful hand,
And fills with plenty all the peaceful land.

Along the level holms, with verdure gay,
The patient angler ſlowly bends his way,
With taper rod, and well diſſembled-hook,
To tempt the thoughtleſs tenants of the brook.

Where in the dimpling pool the ſhepherd ſpies,
Th' inverted landſcape and the liquid ſkies,
The youths with naked arms the waves divide,
And ſmoothly cleave, along the yielding tide.
But let each forward heedleſs youth beware,
Nor the ſad fate of young Menalcas ſhare;

Who, urg'd by fervent heat, his limbs to cool,
Impatient plung'd amid the ſullen pool:
Eager he ſtrives, his efforts all are vain,
Him fate denies the diſtant ſhore to gain,
The whirling eddies curl above his head,
The lovely youth is number'd with the dead.
Much was the grief his frantic mother bore,
His aged father much, his ſweetheart more;
Whom love with chains of ſtrong affection bound,
And ſoon the nuptial tie their bliſs had crown'd,
But fates malignant 'gainſt their joy conſpir'd,
And, all at once, their pleaſing hopes retir'd.

Now wouldſt thou ſing what noble ſeats appear,
What antient heroes form'd their dwellings here,
The tow'rs of Loudon firſt ſalute the eye
With lofty walls, and turrets rear'd on high;
Gay to the view, upon a riſing ground,
With pendant woods and ſhady bow'rs around.

All hail, ye ſolemn thought-inſpiring groves,
Where rapt entranc'd, ſweet contemplation roves,
Where charming fancy leads her airy train,
Who touch the Muſes' lyre or breathe th' enamour'd
ſtrain.

For there the lover, led by Cynthia's ray,
Along the river's margin winds his way;
Or penſive, ſeated 'neath the ſpreading boughs,
Breathes, to the lonely woods, his am'rous vows;
While fairies, form their nightly cavalcades,
And hold gay revels in the moonlight ſhades,
Aerial minſtrels ſwell the ſoothing ſtrain,
And heav'nly airs enchant the liſt'ning ſwain.

See where the Dean her ruin'd fabric rears,
A mournful ſcene, her naked wall appears,
The claſping ivy ſhades her tott'ring tow'rs,
Where night-owls form their melancholy bow'rs,
Prone from the top, huge ruin'd fragments fall,
The howling wind ſounds dreary in the hall,
No more the voice of mirth is heard to ſound,
But melancholy ſilence reigns around.

Where late, an antiquated pile appear'd
In days of yore, by Gothic artiſts rear'd,
Upon the margin of the rolling tide,
Stands Caprington, of Coila's tow'rs the pride,
Which with ſuperior majeſty appears
The tedious labour of revolving years,

Its ample walls beſpeak its maſter's mind,
Induſtry's friend, benevolent and kind.

What verſe, O Fairly, can thy halls depaint,
And ſtately portico of vaſt extent,
Deſign'd with taſte, and execute with coſt,
Nor can the neighb'ring ſeats ſuch beauty boaſt.

High on a mound Dundonald's ruin ſtands,
And of the frith a proſpect wide commands,
Where Arran rears aloft its ſable brow,
And frowns terrific on the waves below.
Ailſey's round ſteril rock the proſpect ends,
Whoſe airy peak among the clouds aſcends,
Fair Irvine, on the ſandy margin plac'd,
Appears with lofty ſpires and turrets grac'd,
The ſwelling ſurges beat againſt the ſhore,
And 'mongſt the rocky iſles tempeſtuous roar,
The ſtately veſſels, on the foaming tide,
Loaded with wealth, along the billows ride;
I ſee the crowded maſts, and ſwelling ſails,
The waving ſtreamers, flying in the gales,
And gaze with wonder, on the ſplendid ſhow,
Of lofty towns and buſy crowds below.

Hold, hold my Muſe, at once ſuſpend thy flight,
And look enamour'd from this airy height,
Where ſtands ſecure, upon the river's ſide,
A rural dwelling, deſtitute of pride;
No coſtly ornaments the ſtructure grace,
But ſimple nature beautifies the place;
Here Ruricola dwells, of ſwains the beſt,
Of feelings and a gen'rous mind poſſeſs'd,
Improv'd by ſcience, from pedantry free;
Skill'd in the rules of deep philoſophy;
Of plants the aromatic virtue knows,
And on his garden ev'ry care beſtows,
There trims his flow'rs, or prunes th' encumber'd trees,
Or forms a proper ſtation for his bees;
Curious, their balmy labours to ſurvey,
Delightful taſk to paſs the ſhining hours away.

O gentle ſwain, how happy could I ſpend
This fleeting life with ſuch a gen'rous friend,
Well pleas'd, my tuneful labours to purſue,
Improv'd by charming ſolitude and you.

That man how bleſs'd, who prudently retires,
Nor to be great and arrogant aſpires;

Content alone, with what his fortune gives,
To ſtrife unknown, he independent lives:
What though no cringing flatt'rers at his gate
Stand trembling, and at awful diſtance wait,
Though no obſequious minions call him Lord,
Nor cates luxurious heap his humble board,
Nor coſtly ornaments his dwelling hold,
Nor cheſts encumber'd with impriſon'd gold,
Yet his the life from expectation free,
Corroding care and vain anxiety:
Peace ſtands a centinel to guard his door,
And keep at diſtance each malignant pow'r;
Time flies for him, on ſofteſt ſilken wings,
And each revolving day contentment brings:
With joy he breathes the balmy gales of morn,
And ſees the night a welcome gueſt return:
'Tis his to wander o'er the fertile fields,
And taſte what nature uncorrupted yields;
Her laws to ſtudy and her works explore,
And on the wings of contemplation ſoar:
Throughout the whole, to trace the gradual line
Which leads progreſſive to the ſource divine,
To teach the ſoul above the earth t' aſcend,
To weigh his duſt and meditate his end.

Let others toil aſſiduouſly for fame,
Contend for honour, and a deathleſs name:
All vain applauſe, and honour I'd reſign;
Give me a friend, and ſuch a life be mine.

Thus, when the ſummer's joys could ſcarce delight,
Or grove or ſtream my weary ſteps invite;
I try'd the Muſe, beneath the ſhade reclin'd,
To eaſe a penſive melancholy mind,
To ſooth my fancy with the ſcenes that pleaſe,
Rural contentment, and poetic eaſe.

THE BARD, A POEM;

IN THE MANNER OF

SPENCER.

INSCRIBED TO

MR. R***** B****.

THE

BARD.

A POEM,

IN THE MANNER OF

SPENSER.

INSCRIBED TO

Mr. R**** B****.

EXPLANATION of the obſolete Words uſed in this POEM.

AUREAT——*golden.*
Ay——*always.*
Beſprent——*ſpread, ſprinkled.*
Dan——*a word prefixed to names.*
Eath——*eaſy.*
Eke——*alſo.*
Eftſoons——*immediately, often, afterwards.*
Lig——*to lie, item to lodge.*
Moe——*more.*
Mote——*might.*
Mochel——*much, great.*
Ne——*nor.*
Paſſen——*paſſing.*
Soot——*ſweet, or ſweetly.*
Unkempt, (Lat. *incomptus*) *unadorn'd.*
Ween——*to think, be of opinion.*
Whilom——*formerly.*
Wight——*a man.*
Withouten——*without, wanting, free from.*
Yore——*of old.*

N. B. *The letter* Y *is frequently placed at the beginning of of a word, by* SPENCER, *to lengthen it a ſyllable.*

Yblent——*blended, mingled.*
Yclad——*clad.*
Yclep'd——*called, named.*
Ycover'd——*covered.*
Ymolten——*melted, moved, ſoothed.*
Ymove——*to move.*
Ypent——*pent, ſhut up.*

THE BARD.

Dear to the Muſe, who gave his days to flow,
With mighty bleſſings, mix'd with mighty wo.

POPE'S HOMER.

I.

HAppy the youth, on whom dame fortune ſmiles,
And gives him wealth, his wiſhes to purſue;
The jocund hours he eaſily beguiles,
Still ſteering on to pleaſures ever new.
And if fair Science can attract his view,
Enamour'd of the worthy Bards of old,
He knows not the diſtreſſes of the crew,
On whom the beldam ne'er her favours roll'd,
Or him whoſe hapleſs fate I purpoſe to unfold.

II.

O thou, whom from the pleaſant banks of Ayr
Thy merit ſummon'd to Edina's walls,
Whoſe ſongs delight her ſons and daughters fair,
And loudly echo through her ſplendid halls.
On thee a ſimple Poet humbly calls,
A ſimple Poet who obſcur'd the while,
The fear of ſcornful critic ſore appals,
On whom, if COILA'S BARD vouchſafe to ſmile,
His name ſhall ſpread abroad thro' Albion's ſea-girt Iſle.

III.

There whilom ligd, ypent in garret high,
A tuneful Bard, who well could touch the lyre,
Who often ſung ſo ſoot, and witchingly
As made the crowds, in ſilent gaze, admire,
Ymolten with the wild ſeraphic fire
Which his ſweet ſonnets eathly could impart,
They liſt'ning ſtood, ne never did they tire,
So ſteal'd his ſoft perſuaſion on the heart,
So ſmooth his numbers flow'd, all unreſtrain'd by art.

IV.

Sometimes, as fancy prompt him, he would ſing
The charms of nature at the morning's dawn,
Or paint the beauties of the blooming ſpring,
The ſhady foreſt, and the flow'ry lawn,
The whitened thorn and roſes newly blawn,
Or mazy rills, that wildly devious flow,
Or penſive ſhepherd, from the crowd withdrawn,
Sore pin'd with luckleſs love and mochel wo,
Deſign'd from tow'ring cliff his wretched ſelf to throw.

V.

Eftſoons he changed quite the veering ſtrain,
To winter ſhrouded in her mantle hoar,
The boreal blaſt, the bitter driving rain,
The ſwelling torrent's loud reſounding roar,
Which down the ſteep, the groaning foreſt bore,
And delug'd all the ſwimming plains below;
Then ſung the lake with ice ycover'd o'er,
The nimble youngſters, hurling to and fro,
And mountain's heaving head yclad in virgin ſnow.

VI.

" Now ſhut the pond'rous gate, and rouſe the fire,
Produce the flaſk, and fill the maſſy bowl;
To gloomy haunt let wrinkl'd care retire,
Let joy abound poſſeſſing ev'ry ſoul,
Let Boreas bluſter, and the tempeſt howl;
'Tis ours to ſnatch the pleaſures, as they fly,
Now up the lofty Diapaſon rowl,
'Tis muſic gives the pureſt extacy,
And lifts the ſoul from earth exalted to the ſky.

VII.

See where the miſer, brooding o'er his gear,
Sits ſad and ſullen, in his dreary cell,
No glowing fire, the ſable walls to cheer,
With him pale want and timid fancy dwell.
O! tell us true, ye wretched miſcreants tell,
Why all this caution to ſecure your gold,
Will it appeaſe the ruthleſs King of hell,
Or help to make the burning climate cold,
Ah! vain your hope, for there no joy is bought or ſold.

VIII.

Let the dull Cynic preach his muſty rules,
No ſon of Bacchus will attend his lore;
Let him hold forth to children and to fools,
And turn, and turn his lifeleſs lectures o'er;
And cite old Plato, and ilk ſage of yore,
And beat his breaſt, and grin and look awry,
Down with the pedant, let us ſing and roar:
Behold the feſtive moments dancing by,
'Tis ours in joy to live, and catch them as they fly."

IX.

Thus flow'd his numbers, to the jolly train,
While buoyant ſpirits kept his ſoul above,
Then grief would interfere, and damp his ſtrain,
And gloomy thoughts and ſad ideas move;
Then like a weary wight enthrall'd in love,
Of flames and chains, and arrows would he tell,
And, ſadly ſighing, ſeek the gloomy grove,
Or ruin, ſeated in a dreary dell,
Whence oft, at dead of night, grim ghoſts terrific yell.

X.

Whate'er he ſung, or pleaſing or ſublime,
The placid verſes always run the ſame;
Did love or friendſhip e'er demand his rhyme,
Or wight groteſque his meditation claim,
With equal force and energy they came,
And pity or loud laughter could ymove,
So eath he trode the arduous path of fame,
And ſo engroſs'd the tuneful ſiſters' love,
None rival could his lays, ſo far leſs reach above.

XI.

Now Fame, with brazen tromp, proclaimed loud
His name, which through all Caledonia rung,
The buſy murmur ſpread along the crowd,
In ev'ry place, his roundelays are ſung,
Improven much, by ev'ry female tongue,
To whom the ſongs of love are ever dear,
The grave, the gay, the am'rous and the young,
All crowd around the wondrous Bard to hear,
For ne'er did Scottiſh Bard ſo much enchant the ear.

XII.

But, will the ſweet deluſion ever laſt?
Will ay his reputation firm remain?
Ah me! I fear misfortune's ruthleſs blaſt,
That ſtill o'ertakes the Muſes' gentle train,
Expos'd to poverty, and cold diſdain
Of witleſs louts, who ſee them paſſen by,
And eke the beau, of gaudy trappings vain,
Who on their tatter'd veſtments caſt an eye,
Gods! what a ſilly ſoul, the witleſs creatures cry.

XIII.

She next diſplay'd, before his wondring eyes,
A laurel crown, and thus her ſpeech begun,
" The youth who hopes to gain the mighty prize,
The buſy ways of avarice muſt ſhun,
And from the haunts of low ambition run,
Accurs'd is he who ſings for worthleſs ore,
Such of Apollo never favour won;
The moſt illuſtrious of the Bards of yore,
Pale poverty, and want, and mighty ſorrows bore."

XIV.

Admoniſh'd thus, he never crept abroad,
Nor long'd to mingle in the buſy coil,
Though others idoliz'd the aureat God,
He never longs to ſhare the filthy ſpoil,
Ne fit for hurry, and diſdaining toil,
Aſſiduouſly, he turns the claſſic page,
Which treats of war and many a bloody broil,
How rival Gods in Ilium's cauſe engage,
And ſeems inſpir'd with all Dan Homer's Epic rage.

XV.

How good Æneas from the fatal ſhore,
Convey'd his houſehold Gods and aged Sire,
The mournful fate of murder'd Polydore,
Poor Dido flaming on the funeral pire,
When ſhe beheld the Trojan fleet retire;
The Cumæan oracle, the branch of gold,
The reign of Pluto, and his manſion dire,
What wondrous things Anchiſes did unfold,
And all that e'er the charming Bard of Mantua told.

XVI.

Sometimes the paſt'ral numbers he would read,
Where is depainted many a ſimple ſwain,
Supinely piping on the flow'ry mead,
Sicilian valley or Arcadian plain,
Where paſs their golden days withouten pain:
Or trace the am'rous Ovid's witching lay,
Or ſmooth Tibullus' ſoft pathetic ſtrain,
Sharp Juvenal, and Horace ever gay,
Bards who the utmoſt pow'r of human wit diſplay.

XVII.

On wooden ſhelves were fav'rite authors plac'd,
Gilt on the backs, and rang'd in ſeemly row;
The Bard and Sage, his ample ſtudy grac'd,
Hiſtorians wiſe, and many authors moe;
There painted maps enhanc'd the learned ſhow,
Where all the world in miniature was ſeen,
The landſcape did with gaudy colours glow;
The airy mountain, and the foreſt green,
Which all yblent produc'd a goodly ſcene I ween.

XVIII.

The floor with ſcrolls of paper was beſprent,
And muſty pamphlets, which diſorder'd lay,
An Epic Poem, here in pieces rent,
And there appear'd the fragments of a Play,
Which was to be revis'd ſome other day,
And gain a crowded Theatre's applauſe;
And here an Ode a mouſe had ſtolen away,
A mouſe as learn'd as Shenſtone's rottan was,*
But thoughtleſsly enthrall'd in fell grimalkin's claws.

XIX.

Now would he quickly take a volume down,
And read, with face demure, a page or twain,
Catch at a hint, and mark it for his own,
And place his benefactor right again,
Then, with the thought, the marble paper ſtain,
And gaze upon it, with enraptur'd look,
Ay walking to and fro, nae little vain;
Encourag'd thus, he reaſſumes the book,
To ſeek for more from whence the other hint he took.

* See the rape of the trap.

XX.

Thus ſpent he many a long and dreary day,
With lean repaſt, not over merrily,
For all unkempt he never lov'd to ſtray,
Save when the gleaming moon illum'd the ſky,
When none his tatter'd liv'ry mote eſpy;
Then would he ſtolen ſoftly from his dome,
And to ſome haunted ſtream's meanders hy,
And ſullen, ſtalking through the ſolemn gloom,
Some ſadly plaintive ſtrain or Elegy reſume.

XXI.

But O! what pen his terror can deſcribe,
When to his lofty manſion ſlow aſcends,
A caitiff, dreadful to the tuneful tribe,
Yclep'd a dun, a catchpoll him attends,
And in his fiſt a magic wand extends,
Thund'ring they bawl, he trembles at the roar,
His breath he ſtifles, and his voice ſuſpends,
And lies entranc'd, like Mahomet of yore,
Ne offers he to ſtir till all the ſiege is o'er.

XXII.

So crafty Reynard, that nocturnal peſt,
Deſcends, in ſilence, from the cloudy hill;
When all the village curs and maſtiffs reſt,
The rooſt to pillage, and the geeſe to kill,
Which having done, and eat and drunk his fill,
Prepar'd for flight, the trap blockades the way,
The farmer comes, and finds him lying ſtill,
Stretch'd on the ground, a lump of breathleſs clay,
But ſoon as he is gone, the villain ſneaks away.

ODES, &c.

ODES, &c.

ODES.

ODE I.

To MELANCHOLY.

MAIDEN of the downcaſt eye,
Who, when ev'ning draweth nigh,
Windeſt oft thy devious way,
Beneath the ſober twilight gray,
Purſuing ſtill the lonely road,
By human footſteps ſeldom trode;
By the hills, or ſhady woods,
Dreary dells, and haunted floods;

By the church-yard's lonely bound,
Wand'ring o'er the cheerleſs ground,
Where oft (as vulgar ſtories tell)
From iſles the midnight ſpectres yell;
Or where ſome ſtalwart ruins nod,
Of wealth and grandeur once th' abode,
Delighted with the diſmal howl
Of ravens, and the ſcreaming owl:
Come, Melancholy, ſober maid,
In all thy winning charms array'd;
Come, ſober nymph, nor once diſdain
To take me in thy penſive train.

ODE II.

ON MUSIC.

Muſic has charms to ſooth a ſavage beaſt,
To ſoften rocks, and bend the knotted oak.

CONGREVE.

I.

WHEN Orpheus touch'd the breathing lute,
And mourn'd along the Stygian ſhore;
Th' infernal furies then were mute,
And tort'ring fiends their taſks forbore.

II.

Charm'd with the ſweetneſs of the ſong,
The rugged rocks obey the ſound;
The ſtately oaks together throng,
And dance the mournful Bard around.

III.

So they'd the charms of Muſic paint,
Which languid words can ne'er expreſs;
The pow'rs of eloquence ſeem faint,
And all deſcription makes them leſs.

IV.

Rous'd by the trumpet's warlike ſound,
To glory ev'ry heart aſpires;
The neighing courſers, proudly bound,
And fear from ev'ry breaſt retires.

V.

But when devotion ſwells the note,
And through the ſacred dome reſounds;
All earthly numbers are forgot,
Loſt in the ſweet ſeraphic ſounds.

VI.

Th' Almighty Sov'reign, thron'd on high,
Delighted hears his praiſe aſcend;
And, as the numbers reach the ſky,
Bright crowds of angels liſt'ning bend.

ODE III.

To TWEED.

I.

FAR, Tweeda, from thy banks I ſtray,
Where Glotta's ſwelling ſurges roar,
No more the verdant fields ſurvey,
That ſtretch along thy winding ſhore.

II.

Yet pow'rful fancy's magic ſpell,
Oft wafts me to thy ſilvan bow'rs:
Thoſe lov'd retreats, that pleas'd ſo well,
Among the fragrant blooming flow'rs.

III.

Where, free from ev'ry anxious care,
That ſours our more advanced age,
Gay as the birds, that wing the air,
I gently paſs'd youth's golden ſtage.

IV.

No wiſh, that from ambition ſprings,
E'er ſtopp'd the progreſs of my mirth,
Nor love, that ev'ry ſorrow brings,
E'er gave a ſigh or murmur birth.

V.

No cruel Delia there appear'd,
No nymph my tender fancy fir'd,
No rival's fatal form I fear'd,
With equal love and hate inſpir'd.

VI.

Oft, at the early dawn of day,
Along thy verdant banks I ſtray'd;
Or, ſcorch'd by Sol's meridian ray,
Enjoy'd the coolneſs of the ſhade.

VII.

Or, liſt'ned to the lulling lay,
Of ſtreams attuned to the gale,
Of warbling minſtrels, of the ſpray,
Or piping ſhepherds, in the dale.

VIII.

But O! what joy, when winding ſlow,
Yon mountain's airy top to gain;
To gaze upon the ſcene below,
The ſtream, the woodland, and the plain.

IX.

Where, from the mazy river's ſide,
The hills above the vallies riſe;
And, proud aſpiring, ſeem to hide
Their peaks among ſurrounding ſkies.

X.

The foreſts wave their verdant heads,
There fertile cultur'd fields extend;
Rich palaces o'erlook the meads,
And tow'rs, and ſhining ſpires aſcend.

XI.

A Gothic ruin, in the wind,*
There hangs in fragments ſore decay'd,
My pencil oft its tow'rs deſign'd,
Its niches, and its ſpires pourtray'd.

XII.

O happy days, of peace and reſt,
Days never, never to return,
Your dear remembrance, in my breaſt
Remains, and ſtill your loſs I mourn.

* Melroſe Abbey.

ODE IV.

To INNOCENCE.

Uſeleſs are arms, for his defence,
That keeps a faithful guard of innocence.

HORACE.

I.

O INNOCENCE, celeſtial maid,
In emblematic white array'd,
From thy empyrean height deſcend,
And all my wand'ring ſteps attend,
Be thou my guardian, night and day,
And in temptation's per'lous hour,
Thy heav'nly ſmile, and glorious ray,
Will diſſipate the tyrant's pow'r.

II.

Then, let capricious fortune wear
A pleaſing ſmile, or frown ſevere;
Let each malignant pow'r advance,
Let horror ſhake her dreadful lance,

Let meager poverty diſcloſe,
A ſeries of impending woes;
Yet, under thy auſpicious ſway,
All thoſe ſhall not my ſoul diſmay.

III.

Let tongues malevolent proclaim,
And foul mouth'd ſlander blaſt my name,
Let envy rear her hideous form,
And ignorance ferment the ſtorm;
Yet thou canſt ev'ry care beguile,
Laugh at their frowns, nor court their ſmile;
Firm as a rock, on Albion's ſhore,
Canſt hear the growling tempeſt roar.

IV.

Through life's tempeſtuous buſy ſcene,
'Tis thou canſt make my way ſerene;
Devoid of guilt what can I fear,
Whilſt thou, my guardian pow'r, art near:
Though death's dark gates were open'd wide,
And all his gloomy cells diſplay'd,
Be thou, O INNOCENCE, my guide,
Then ſhall I enter undiſmay'd.

O D E V.

To MORPHEUS.

'Tis thine, O gentle God!
To ſeal the weary eye of care,
Thy ſleep compelling rod
Can raiſe delightful dreams, and viſions heav'nly fair.

ANON.

I.

GENTLE God of ſoft repoſe,
Come, indulgent to my pray'r,
My ſtill waking eye-lids cloſe,
Free my weary ſoul of care,
Let thy pleaſing viſions riſe,
Bring my Delia to my eyes.

II.

All the weary day I mourn,
Love does ever tyrannize;
When the ſhades of night return,
Sleep forſakes my weary eyes:
Lull me, gentle God, to reſt,
Lay me on my Delia's breaſt.

III.

Let the kind deluding dream,
Lead me to delightful bow'rs;
Lay me by a limpid ſtream,
On a fragrant bed of flow'rs:
Gentle God, indulge my pray'r,
Let my Delia too be there.

O D E VI.

WINTRY blaſts the foreſts bend,
Leaves in ruſtling ſhow'rs deſcend,
Boreas, ſurly and unkind,
Rides upon the roaring wind;
Hail deſcends, in rattling ſhow'rs,
Thund'ring on the tott'ring tow'rs;
Midnight ghoſts their rites perform,
Flying on the rapid ſtorm:
Haſte, the feaſt of ſhells prepare,
Drink oblivion of your care,
Strike, ye Bards, the ſounding ſtrings,
Sing of Heroes, and of Kings;
Let the pleaſing tales be told,
Of war and mighty Chiefs of old;
To admiring youths proclaim
Fingal's deeds, and Oſſian's fame;
Let pale fear alone controul
The trembling ſons of little ſoul.

ODE VII.

To IRVINE WATER.

I.

FIRST, IRVINE, on thy banks I ſtrung
The lyre, and love's ſoft paſſion ſung;
Then charming Maria was my theme,
Each rock repeated Maria's name,
Though yet unſkill'd to touch the lyre,
Her beauties could my verſe inſpire,
My ſongs the lagging hours beguil'd,
The fair one heard, and Phœbus ſmil'd.

II.

A rapt Enthuſiaſt now I ſeem,
Still wand'ring by thy winding ſtream,
Where, by a mould'ring rock, reclin'd,
I ſooth my melancholy mind,

And ſigh, in conſort with the gale,
Or tell ſome love diſaſtrous tale;
And, whilſt the penſive numbers flow,
Diſcover charms that ſweeten wo.

III.

Amid the woodland's awful gloom,
Appears a venerable dome*
Whoſe conſecrated walls contain
The bones of many an antient Thane,
That, mould'ring in the narrow cell,
With ghoſts of gloomy warriors dwell:
At midnight here the lyre was ſtrung,
The hollow vault reſponſive rung.

IV.

Begin, ſweet lyre, more cheering ſtrains,
The moſt delightful taſk remains,
The Muſe prepares, in ſmoother verſe,
Thy beauties, Irvine, to rehearſe.
All hail, ye ſhady green abodes,
Retreats of Pan, and ſilvan Gods;
For thee, Arcadia they forſake,
And more delight in Scotia take.

* Loudon church.

V.

When liberty, from Eaſtern climes,
From inſult fled, and barb'rous crimes;
The Muſes left the Grecian ſhore,
And hither brought their ſacred lore;
Then Ceres taught the uſeful toil,
To guide the plough, and break the ſoil,
And, o'er the wide extended plain,
To rear the yellow waving grain.

VI.

Pomona joins the ſacred band,
And ſmiling Flora paints the land,
While art her utmoſt ſkill applies,
To make the ſtately fabric riſe;
Then, charm'd with wonder, all appear'd,
And liberty her ſtandard rear'd,
Till peace her olive branch diſplay'd,
And grew enamour'd of the ſhade.

VII.

The ſhepherds, happy at the change,
Along thy flow'ry margin range;

While rural love and joy combine,
To render ev'ry bliſs divine:
Each tunes, to ruſtic ſtrains, the reed,
Their flocks and herds promiſcuous feed,
Where, nodding to the paſſing gale,
Rich golden harveſts clothe the dale.

VIII.

Flow, gentle River, ſmooth along,
And murmur to the woodland ſong;
May, on thy banks, the Muſes ſing,
And hollow rocks reſponſive ring;
May plenty's ſmiling face be ſeen,
Rejoicing on thy margin green;
May Commerce ſpread the ſwelling ſail,
And arts and induſtry prevail.

ODE VIII.

DIRGE.

I.

WITHIN this yew's funereal ſhade,
Reſign'd to grief I'll ly,
And ſwell, with tears, the chiding ſtream,
That murmurs ſoftly by.

II.

Come, ev'ning, with thy robe of miſt,
And ſettle on the plain;
Let not one joy inſpiring beam
The haunts of grief profane.

III.

Ye birds of night, begin the lay,
Your doleful dirges ſing:
Ravens and owls, the notes prolong,
And flap the ſable wing.

IV.

Howl loud, ye ſpirits of the wind,
And raiſe the rueful cry;
Sweet is your muſic, to the ear
Of wretches ſuch as I.

V.

Not all the horrors of the tomb,
Where midnight ſpectres howl;
Not Erebus is half ſo dark,
As my diſtemper'd ſoul.

VI.

Unfriended, in a dreary land,
I wander through the gloom;
Nor hope for ſolace of my woes,
But in the friendly tomb.

VERSES EXTEMPORE.

ON DELIVERING A FLOWER TO A YOUNG WOMAN.

I.

GO, blooming Flow'r, the fates decree
A moſt exalted ſtate for thee;
Tranſplanted from thy native ground,
Thou haſt a fairer garden found:
Above thy fellows thou art bleſt,
To lie in lovely Maria's breaſt.

II.

Yet, ſweeteſt of the vernal train,
Let not the moments fly in vain;
But let the penſive beauty ſee
An emblem of herſelf in thee.
And, as thy colours fade apace,
Tell her, ſo ſhall her charming face.

EPISTLE

To DELIA.

What I bluſh'd to ſpeak love made me write.

OVID.

READ o'er theſe lines, which faithfully impart
The ſecret dictates of an am'rous heart,
A heart, till now, from love's contagion free,
And never mov'd, my Delia, but by thee:
For, who could look on ſuch a beauteous maid,
And not be with the mighty charm betray'd?

Never did ſwain ſuch liberty poſſeſs,
Or feel the pow'r of female beauty leſs;
I ſaw them fair, impartial was the view,
For none had pow'r my paſſion to ſubdue.

I mock'd each anxious lover when he ſigh'd,
The Paphian God and all his ſhafts defy'd,
Who, to avenge his ſlighted deity,
Has puniſh'd Damon with a ſight of thee.

Conſider, Delia, how my lab'ring breaſt
Has ſtruggl'd, and the raging flame ſuppreſt,
When love the ſecret urg'd me to declare,
Then youth and modeſty would cry forbear.
Sometimes the words in ſad ſuſpenſion hung,
And fault'ring accents dy'd upon my tongue,
Soft heaving ſighs declare my inward pain,
And riſing bluſhes all my thoughts explain,
My eyes, my looks, the fond emotions prove,
For eyes are ſure interpreters of love.

Have you not ſeen, what all with eaſe may ſee,
The obvious change which love has made on me;
An obvious change, for now, alas! no more
I boaſt the freedom which I had before;
No more the ſports which other youths purſue,
Can yield delight, ſince made a ſlave by you;
From all my dear companions I remove,
And ſeek the ſilent ſolitary grove,

Where ev'ry flow'r, and ev'ry ſpreading tree,
Can witneſs well the woes I bear for thee.

No more with charms the riſing morn appears,
The radiant day a gloomy aſpect wears,
With tardy pace the joyleſs moments flow,
And ling'ring Phœbus lengthens out my wo.
Soon as the duſky ſhades of night return,
My flames encreaſe, with double rage I burn;
Then, wand'ring under Phœbe's ſilver ray,
Through gloomy ſhades, I take my lonely way;
Or, if the drowſy God my eye-lids cloſe,
Thy beauteous image haunts my ſhort repoſe:
Auſpicious viſion, folded in thy arms,
I lie entranc'd, and gaze upon thy charms;
Thy words I hear, thy melting kiſſes feel,
And joys which language never can reveal.

Pity my pains, bright charmer, and beſtow
Relief, to one oppreſs'd with mighty wo;
Wo, which the pow'rs of language can't expreſs,
Nor can the frantic fuff'rer wiſh them leſs,
Excuſe the freedom which you can't approve,
Great is th' indulgence that is due to love.

POETICAL ESSAYS,

IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

POETICAL ESSAYS,

IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

TO THE

SCOTTISH MUSE.

I.

O Come, thou ſweetly ſmiling Maid,
Wha aft, on Caledonian hills,
With antient Bards delighted ſtray'd,
By moſſy banks and winding rills;
What time lone philomela fills
The woodlands with her ev'ning ſang,
And ſhepherd lads, on aiten quills,
Slow to their cottage piping gang.

II.

Aft haſt thou highly deign'd to raiſe
The youth in lanely cottage born,
By thee inſpir'd, the circling bays,
The ſimple Poet's brows adorn.
O tent my pray'r, ſweet Maid, nor ſcorn
To take me in thy tunefu' train,
Sae ſhall thy praiſes, e'en and morn,
Be ſung to ilka hill and plain.

THE COTTAGE.

Hail lowly roofs, where pure contentment dwells.

I.

WITHIN the windings of yon woody dale,
Beſide a burnie, on a bonny green,
Where raws of whitening hawthorns ſcent the gale,
A wee bit canty theicket houſe is ſeen;
Fu' ſnug it ſtands frae angry winds, I ween,
Around, the ſtacks in riſing cones appear,
Which ſhaw the owner thrifty is and bien,
Nae pride has he, nor heaps of worthleſs geer,
But routh o' kintra fare, the winter days to cheer.

II.

Here ſtands the barn, to hoord the ripen'd grain,
With lowly roof, of ſtrae and divets made,
Where aft the farmer wheels, with might and main,
The whirling flail, and nae ignoble trade:
And there the milk-houſe, where the dairy-maid
Aft ſkims the boyns, and preſſes out the whey;
And here a place, where carts and pleughs are laid;
And there the ſtable, for the horſe and kye;
And here the hen-houſe ſtands, and there the
ſtinking ſtye.

III.

Into the ha' houſe if ye chance to keek,
Ye'll tent the ingle blinkin bonnily,
The crazy rafters, painted o'er wi' reek;
A twa-arm'd chair within the neuk ye'll ſee,
Where aft the guidman leans, wi' meikle glee,
And ſmoaks his pipe, and tells his pawky tale;
An antic ambry, made of aiken tree,
Wi' caps and luggies, rang'd upon a dale,
And meikle toop-horn ſpoons, and plates to haud
the kail.

IV.

Ben i' the ſpence, for parlour hae they nane,
The wa's are brawly whiten'd o'er wi' lime;
A poliſh'd chimla, and a clean hearth-ſtane;
A keeking-glaſs, a clock to met the time;
A curtain'd bed, and eke a cupboard prime:
The houſe contains nae mae fligairy things,
(For luxury is ſure an unco crime)
Yet, frae this little wealth, contentment ſprings,
And thro' the roof, the voice of diſcord never rings.

SALE

OF

STATIONARY WARE,

AT

BUCHANAN's HEAD, K*******CK.

"TO a the Warle be it kend,"
That I by Auction do intend
Great routh o' Goods and Geer to vend,
At loweſt price;
Sae, pray good people, all attend
If ye be wiſe.

Imprimis, then, I can content ye,
Wi' learned Books, and Bibles plenty,
Gilt on the backs, and bound right dainty,
In good ca'f ſheep:
Glow'r at them weil, and I's indent ye
Shall buy them cheap.

The rev'rend Brethren o' the band,
May hae whatever they demand,
And, they wha like, I winna ſtand,
To ſell or niffer;
Bring goods or ſiller i' yer hand,
We winna differ.

The Wit and Scholar here may find,
A' that can pleaſe a learned mind,
As, Robin Hood, and Captain Hind,
And other ſparks;
But, what leaves a' the reſt behind,
My Father's Warks.*

* Hymns and Spiritual Songs.

The Book of Knowledge, that can tell
A' things in heav'n, in earth, and hell;
Wi' Hocus Pocus, magic ſpell,
For greedy rooks;
To ragged Chapmen too, I ſell
Cheap Queſtion Books.

I've Wax and Wafers, Ink and Quills,
And beſt o' Paper frae the mills,
For bundles, bumfodder or bills,
For book or letter,
There's nane ſae good; cheap, cheap it ſells,
For ready catter.

But what's of a' the rareſt ſhow,
My Pictures, rang'd in ſeemly row;
Here twelve good Rules, which we ſhould know;
There Captain Bluff;
Here Peeping Tom; and down below
Stands Jamie Duff.*

* A natural fool well known in Edinburgh.

I've China-ware, baith gilt and plain,
Of which the Ladies are right fain;
And, to drink punch, or yet champaign,
Weil poliſh'd Glaſſes;
And ſomething elſe, I'll no explain,
For bonny Laſſes.

I've Heucks, to ſheer the harveſt corn;
Good Cudgels, made of varniſh'd thorn;
Rare Spluchans, ance by ſea-dogs worn,
And wyllie foxes;
Braw Sneeſhing-mills, o' braſs and horn;
And Barber's Boxes.

I hae Pomatum for the hair;
Good plated Buckles, round and ſquare;
I hae Black-ball, the choiceſt ware
E'er gaed on leather;
I've Hoops and Rings, and Ribbons rare,
And a' thegither.

The chiel that's hardly worth a groat,
May be provided wi' a Coat
At ſecond hand, and no ae jot
The war o' wear;
Auld Breeks and Waiſtcoats may be got,
And Bonnets here.

I've Whips, and Spurs, and Bits for bridles;
Clear plated Stirrup-Ir'ns for ſaddles;
Therm-ſtrings for ſpinning wheels, and fiddles;
And, may be ſoon,
I'll hae good Pats, and Pans, and Ladles,
Or a' be done.

TO
A TAYLOR,
WITH CLOTH FOR A NEW SUIT.

Braid claith lends fowk an unco heeze,
Makes mony kail-worms butterflies,
Gi'es mony a Doctor his degrees
For little ſkaith;
In ſhort ye may be what ye pleaſe
Wi' good braid claith.

FERGUSSON.

A POET, tatter'd and forlorn,
Whaſe coat and breeks are ſadly torn,
Wha lately ſue'd for aid divine,
Now, Taylor, maun apply for thine;
Soliciting thy uſeful art,
Its needy ſuccour to impart.
Ance manners could compleat a man,
But now the Taylor only can.

O Taylor, this is true, I ween,
As I've by ſad experience ſeen,
Whatever talents we poſſeſs,
Are a' inferior to our dreſs;
A ragged Bard, however gabby,
Will ay be counted dull and ſhabby;
And ſince my coat and breeks turn'd duddy,
I hae been ſcorn'd by ilka body.

But truſt me, Taylor, ſoon ye'll ſee
An unco, ſudden change on me;
My friends will ken me ance again,
And ſome wha kent na me ſhort ſyne,
Will my acquaintance ſtrive to gain,
And ca' my dulleſt verſes fine.
See here's the claith, come, cut it out,
A remnant maun be ſav'd, nae doubt,
Auld Nick can never want his due,
And will get baith the piece and you;
Then ply your nimble han's wi' ſpeed,
Rattle your ſheers and wax your thread,
And mak the utmoſt haſte you can,
To rig me out a gentleman:
If you with theſe demands comply,
Then, Stitch, your name ſhall never die.

EPISTLE

TO A

BLACK-SMITH.

DEAR Sir, if my unnotic'd name,
Not yet proclaim'd by trump of fame,
Has reach'd your lugs, then ſwith attend,
This eſſay of a Bard unkend.

An honeſt man, lang may he thrive,
(And ilka honeſt man alive)
As we were wheeling round the bicker,
Tald me that he was unco ſicker
A' this braid ſhire, and other three,
Contain'd na ſic a chiel as thee;
That ye, tho' thumpin at the ſtudy,
Cou'd mak a verſe on ony body,
In nipping, ſlie, ſatiric ſtile,
Wi' teeth as ſharp as ony file.

Bedeen, I gat upo' my ſhanks,
And gae the carle routh o' thanks,
And ſware an aith, e'en b' my ſang,
" His metal I ſhall try e'er lang;
And then I'll tell ye gif the chiel
Be uſeleſs ir'n or temper'd ſteel."

It ſhaws I hae but little gumption,
Tho' no way ſcanty o' preſumption,
To bourd wi' ane of ſic engine,
And parts ſae far exceeding mine;
For, a' that ken ye can declare,
Your match is ſcarce in ony where,
But my impatience may excuſe me,
Leſt ye ſhould for a dult abuſe me.

O wad my ſcanty purſe but ſpare,
That I might tak a jaunt to Ayr,
Ae night wi' thee to ſing and roar,
And ſet auld care ahint the door;
Then we ſhou'd hae a merry bout,
And no ſit dumb nor yet caſt out.

But, leſt that we ſhou'd ne'er forgether,
To get a crack wi' ane anither,
My earneſt prayer ay ſhall be,
For routh o' coals, and ir'n to thee;
That ye may lang be hale and canty,
And ding that curſed carle *want ay*;
That ye may ne'er be ſcant o' braſs,
To ſynd the ſpark that's i' yer hauſe;
That, as ye blaw your ſmithy fire,
Apollo may your wit inſpire,
To gar your eaſy flowing rhyme,
Juſt like alternate hammers chime;
And, that your mind be ne'er perplex'd,
But firm as ony anvil fix'd;
That, as your gauds of ir'n ye bow,
Your enemies may yield to you;
May, by the fatal ſiſters three,
Thy chain of life extended be,
Till unto langeſt life thy duſt,
Stand proof againſt the teeth of ruſt;
And, when grim Death, wi' fatal dart,
Shall gar thy ſaul and body part,
May this thy Epitaph be made,
" Here Vulcan lies, a matchleſs Blade."

O D E

To D**** S*****.

I.

BY this ye'll figure to yourſel'
Dear lad, the method how I dwell,
And paſs the lanely time:
In a wee houſie, warm and ſnug,
I ſit beſide the chimla lug,
And ſpin awa my rhyme.
Sometimes the weary ploy I curſe,
That fortune to my ſhare
Has thrawn, which ever hauds my purſe
Sae toom, and back ſae bare:
Then grumbling, and mumbling,
I thraw awa my pen
For ever mair, never
To write for taſteleſs men.

II.

The greateſt dults that ever wrote,
Have often Noble Patrons got,
  Their nonſenſe to protect;
Whilſt chiels of maiſt ingine and ſkill,
Unnotic'd, unrewarded ſtill,
  Meet nought but cauld neglect.
O Pæan's* ſons, how I repine
  At your unhappy lot,
While empty naethings glare and ſhine,
  Your mem'ries are forgot.
    Yet time will ſublime ſtill
      A' true poetic lays;
    And glorious, victorious,
      Beſtow the weil earn'd bays.

III.

Then heed na, Davie, tho' we be
A race expos'd to miſery,
  A' mankind hae their ſkair;
Yet, wi' the few whaſe hearts are fir'd
Wi' love o' ſang, by Him inſpir'd,
  What mortals can compare:

* Apollo.

How ſweet, when in the feeling heart,
Alternate paſſions glow,
The mix'd ideas to impart,
To paint our joy and wo;
Deſire conſpires
Wi' love, to form the ſang,
While pleaſing, and eaſing,
The numbers glide alang.

IV.

The ſweets of nature a' are ours,
The verdant fields, the blooming flow'rs,
The woodland and the plain:
To us the bonny months of ſpring,
Delights and ſaft ſenſations bring,
The vulgar ne'er attain.
How ſweet, when night is calm and ſtill,
Beneath pale Phœbe's ray,
Alang the margin of a rill,
To wind our lanely way;
Still muſing, and chuſing,
Ideas fit to move
Some charmer, and warm her,
With all the flames of love.

MAY. A POEM.

BEGIN, ſweet Laſs, a merry lay,
And ſing the bonny month of May,
When chauntin birds, on ilka ſpray,
And hawthorn ſing,
And larks ſalute the riſing day,
On reſtleſs wing.

And hark, the cuckoo, through his throat,
Pours out a ſweet, but ſimple note,
The goudſpink in her painted coat,
And trim array,
Gars echo anſwer, frae the grot,
The praiſe of May.

Now, wha wad tine this joyous hour,
Beneath the drouſy monarch's pow'r,
To ſnore and ſleep in lockit bow'r,
While, ſad to tell,
Terrific dreams our peace devour,
Like hags of hell.

The ſun, emerging frae the ſea,
Lifts up his radiant head on hi',
Mirk clouds and duſky ſhadows flee
Before the beam,
The tap of ilka tow'r and tree,
Like ſiller gleam.

A' nature blooming charms the view,
The green-ſward earth, and welkin blue,
The bent, refreſh'd wi' morning dew,
And ſpreading thorn,
Gay vernal flow'rs, of motely hue,
The braes adorn.

The muſic of the weſtlin breeze,
That ſoughs amang the nodding trees,
The drouſy croon of bizzy bees,
In waxen cell,
Can lull the paſſions into eaſe,
And cares expel.

Sweet ſmile the woodland, and the plain,
Joy fills the heart of ilka ſwain,
And rouſes up the village train,
By creek o' dawn,
Ident on ruſtic toils again,
They ſeek the lawn.

Furth frae the theicket cot is ſeen,
The landart laſſes, braw and clean,
Skiff lightly o'er the dewy green,
Withouten art,
In native innocence, I ween,
They charm the heart.

Now come, my pleaſure loving maid,
And tent the beauties of the ſhade,
The thicket gaudily array'd
In rookly green,
And burnies, hurling through the glade,
Their waters ſheen.

Now is the time for thoſe who love
To woo the Muſes in the grove,
Or wi' the nymph ſweet fancy rove
Her flow'ry way;
Then come, ye tunefu' ſwains, and prove
The joys of May.

ELEGY

ON A

CURIOUS ORIGINAL.

I Sing the man of wondrous ſkill,
The beſt that ever blew a quill,
Or keepit gimmers, on a hill
By Tay or Tweed,
Or Irvine water, ſmooth and ſtill,
Wha now is dead.

Ay when he play'd, the ſheep advanc'd,
The yowes and lams thegither danc'd,
The awkward cattle lap and pranc'd,
Wi' clumſy ſpeed;
Auld lightfoot look'd like ane entranc'd,
To hear his reed.

The laſſes gather'd him about,
And ilka gaping kintra lout
Led on the dance, an unco rout,
And through the reel,
They toſs'd the hizzies, in and out,
And gart them ſqueel.

He fidg'd, and leugh, to ſee the fun,
Cry'd, till't again, I'm ſcarce begun;
He wha a bonny laſs wad won,
Maun wallup here,
Then up he play'd the cutty-gun,
Their hearts to cheer.

What ſignifies a piper's drone,
Or fiddle, for to play upon,
'Bout ilka ſmooth Italian tone
Mak nae mair buſtle,
Willie cou'd gar them a' ſtan' yon'
Juſt wi' a whiſtle.

Beſide his elbow ſtood a bicker,
For he made ay his mouthfu' ſicker,
And for to mak him play the quicker,
They fill'd his cap;
He leugh and toutit up the liquor
Out ilka drap.

This rais'd him to a canty key,
And gart his whiſtle ſound wi' glee;
An unco merry bod was he,
When ance turn'd fou,
And nane wi' better grace cou'd prie,
A laſſes' mou'.

He had right mony a pawky tale,
To tell outo'er a capfu' ale;
His canty jokes cou'd never fail,
In time o' need,
To cheer the heart, be't ſick or hale,
But now he's dead.

He had an unco head o' wit,
Was never noddle ſure like it;
He was for Prieſt or Doctor fit,
And weil did ken a'
The Latin Grammar, ilka bit,
As far as *Penna*.

He faught, but ſinile met wi' ſcars,
For they were only wordy wars;
He kent the order o' the ſtars,
And eke the moon,
Cou'd tell, in Venus, or in Mars,
Whate'er was done.

Not Ramſey, nor the canty Chiel,
Wha ſang Hab Simſon's life ſae weil,
Nor yet the Bard o' Gilbert fiel',
Nor Sawny Pope,
Cou'd faſter up Parnaſſus ſpeel,
To reach the top.

Of a' ſic qualities as thae,
He was poſſeſs'd, and mony mae,
The neebours ſaid that he cou'd ſpae,
And fortunes tell;
I doubt it, but if it was ſae,
He kent himſel'.

THE AULD FIDDLE.

A POEM.

OCCASIONED BY A PERSON'S TREADING ON IT AND CRUSHING IT TO PIECES.

WE ſee that each revolving day,
The rareſt earthly things decay;
Nor can our beſt inventions ſave
Them frae the univerſal grave:
Still ſome diſaſter, unforeſeen,
Maks them as they had never been.

See my auld Fiddle, ance ſae good,
Which pat me aft in merry mood
When a' things fail'd; ſee, in diſguiſe,
In broken fragments where ſhe lies,
Thrawn in a neuk wi' ither lumber,
Nae mair my ſtudy to encumber;

Of brig and finger-brod bereft,
Nae ſtring, nor baſs, nor tenor left;
Her hand broke aff, her wame ſhot in,
And for to tune her ne'er a pin;
Her back and ſides in waefu' caſe,
Sad monuments of her diſgrace.

Nae mair, alas! on her I'll play
Piano ſweet, or blithe Strathſpey;
Nae mair, when dowie thoughts invade,
Shall ſhe be ſummon'd to my aid:
Like ſome auld trophy ſhe may hing,
A diſmal melancholy thing.

What tho' ſhe was of beauteous frame,
And frae the far Cremona came,
Yet that, and a' her tones ſae ſweet,
Cou'd not award the murd'rer's feet,
Wha, heedleſs what he heard or ſaw,
Cruſh'd her poor banes againſt the wa';
A mournfu' echo, ſad and ſweet,
Reſounded wi' his clumſy feet:
Sae Poets tell before ſhe die,
The ſwan ſings her own elegy.

May minſtrels a' the villain hate,
And mock and jeer him air and late;
May his dull lugs be ever found,
Deaf to the harmony of ſound;
May diſcord deave him night and day,
And corbies ſing his fun'ral lay;
While my auld Fiddle, tho' ſhe's lame,
Is ſounded by the voice of fame.

Ye wand'ring ſpirits of the wind,
May ye my ſilent Fiddle find,
And, as ye tak your nightly rounds,
Recal, as erſt, enchanting ſounds.
Methinks I hear M'Pherſon there,
Awake ſome Caledonian air,
Or Handel, maſter o' the band,
Employ his ſound-compelling hand:
Haſte, haſte, ye tunefu' ſhapes of air,
And to my ruin'd ſtrings repair.

WILLIE AND DAVIE.

A

PASTORAL.

WILLIE.

AH Davie, ſure thy ruefu' looks declare,
Thy mind o'er-burden'd wi' a lade of care,
Shake aff that melancholy, blithe appear,
The winter's paſt, and what hae we to fear?
For hark! the birds, on ilka hawthorn, ſing,
And ſmiling nature hails the welcome ſpring.

DAVIE.

Na, nature firſt ſhall change her courſe anew,
The bent forget to laugh in morning dew,
The birds nae mair the ſpring's approaching hail,
And mournfu' ſhepherds winter's loſs bewail;

The wily tod grow tame and ſeek the fold,
And wi' the harmleſs lambkin dalliance hold,
Clear ſtreams retard their courſe and backward turn,
Ere I forget my griefs, and ceaſe to mourn.

WILLIE.

Ah hapleſs lad! thou ever tauks of ill,
Wha bodes misfortûnes will be luckleſs ſtill,
What ſad diſaſter has befa'n thee now,
Is Luath dead, has Maggie broke her vow.

DAVIE.

Far greater ills oblige me to complain,
Than loſs of tykes or ony maid's diſdain;
Weil is it kend, nae ſhepherd on the lee,
Cares leſs for love, or womankind than me.
But joy's forſaken, theſe deſerted plains,
Where nought but languid melancholy reigns,
Nae mair ſhall muſic wake the ſprightly morn,
Nor ſhepherd laſſes dance beneath the thorn,
Nae mair ſhall bands of jolly ſwains repair,
To haud gay revels, on the banks of Ayr,
Nor flute, nor aiten pipe's melodious ſound,
At ſetting day the cavern'd banks rebound,

Nor tunefu' Muſes haunt the vocal ſhore,
For there ſhall Robin's reed be heard no more.

WILLIE.

Had he, in early youth and beauty's bloom,
Deſcended to the manſions of the tomb,
Then might ye greet, and ſhaw a friend's deſpair,
And mournfu' ſangs, and elegies prepare;
But tell me, Davie, why ſhould ye be ſad,
That fortune favours the deſerving lad,
Our praiſe through Albion's ſpacious Iſle ſhall ring,
And courtly dames of Coila's ſhepherds ſing.

DAVIE.

I yield, dear Willie, now I maun ſubmit;
My grief's o'ercome, by thy ſuperior wit;
But friendſhip and the love to him I bore,
Make me his abſence day by day deplore.
Nae ſhepherd lad, that ever trode the mead,
Cou'd, wi' ſic ſkilfu' hand eſſay the reed.
Nane e'er was fit to entertain ſae well,
As ilka lad and ilka laſs can tell,
Wha ſat in crowds beneath yon ſpreading tree,
To hear his tales, for mony a tale had he:

But I will ſee him ſoon, though I ſhould ſell
My fatted pet, diſtinguiſh'd by the bell,
To buy a bonnet, and apparel meet,
To wauk, wi' Robin, through Edina's ſtreet.

WILLIE.

Nor ſhall ye, Davie, tak the road alone,
My Sunday's coat and bonnet I'll put on,
My mirlie ſtockings, which my mither made,
And wrap me in my Caledonian plaid,
There ance again, our com'rade ſwain embrace,
And ſee the wonders of that unco place;
But come, behold this bonny woodbine bow'r,
A ſhelter frae the ſun's meridian pow'r;
Here let us lean, and in ſome hamart lays,
Not mourn his abſence, but record his praiſe;
And ſee this wallet plentifully ſtor'd,
Wi' dainty fare, may pleaſe the niceſt Lord,
This cryſtal well will cauler draughts ſupply,
And then we'll carol when our dinner's by.

ELEGY

ON A

FAMOUS PHILOSOPHER.

NAE mair I'll greet and mak a main,
For chiels that's neither dead nor gane,
But wail, in doolfu' dumps, for ane
Of wondrous meed,
For death, a worthy wight has tane,
J*** G*****'s dead.

Thou'rt ever an unwelcome gueſt,
A waefu' horror breathing peſt,
As weil's the worſt the vera beſt,
Can naething plead;
A famous man by a' confeſt,
J*** G*****'s dead.

Ye tyrant pow'r, ye dinna care,
The man o' parts and knowledge rare,
Ye'll nane, for a' their wiſdom ſpare,
Without remeed,
The vera heart and ſaul o' lair,
J*** G*****'s dead.

Ye might far better tane awa
Some body guid for nought ava,
Sae looten a' your vengeance fa'
On ſome weak head,
And no gien ſic a man a ca'
As him that's dead.

I trow ye little kent his merit,
What wondrous gifts he did inherit;
He had a clear enlightning ſpirit,
A ſhining glead,
But a' that's guid is wi' him carrit,
For now he's dead.

Auld Killie, mourn in ſable hue,
The ſad and dreary day ye'll rue,
Wha'll open nature to your view,
And wiſdom ſpread?

Sic men as G***** were but few,
And now he's dead.

Wha will explain the circling year,
And repreſent the rolling Sphere;
Or mak the Solar Syſtem clear,
As ony bead,
J*** G***** cou'd, what need ye ſpeer?
But now he's dead.

Tho' he gat little o' the ſchool,
He'd prove, by an unerring rule,
That Newton was a frantic fool,
A crazy head;
And ſoon had bred him muckle dool,
But now he's dead.

He play'd an unco manfu' part,
And had the Goſpel-cauſe at heart,
Recover'd it, wi' toil and ſmart;
A doughty deed,
And pure Religion did revert,
But now he's dead.

As mony a man has heard him tell,
He hated bigotry like hell,
Yet had a Syſtem, by himſel',
Which was his Creed,
Frae modern wits he bore the bell,
But now he's dead.

He was a man without a flaw,
In's life he never err'd at a',
His ain opinion was the law,
Withouten feed;
The world to him were madmen a',
But now he's dead.

HIS EPITAPH.

Here lies a man without a match,
Ne'er ane did ſic ſtrange fancies hatch;
Of a' the men, ſin' Adam fell,
No ane was right yet but himſel'.

SONGS.

SONG I.

Tune. *Now or never.*

I.

WHY will you thus my paſſion ſcorn,
And will you love me never?
Will you not grant a kind return?
O do, my dear, be clever.

II.

Let other youths proteſt and vow,
And be your ſlaves for ever;
'Tis what I'll always ſcorn to do:
So pray, my dear, be clever.

III.

Thoſe bluſhing cheeks will ſoon turn pale,
Thoſe eyes no ſhafts deliver,
Then, Chloe, ev'ry art will fail,
So pray, my dear, be clever.

SONG II.

I.

UPON a bank where linnets ſung,
Where rows of nodding lilies ſprung,
And ſtreams fell trickling down,
Young Colin ſat beneath the ſhade,
While round his ſportive lambkins ſtray'd,
As on his rural pipe he play'd,
And ſung of Molly Brown.

II.

Away, he cry'd, ye wanton maids,
Who ſport beneath the woodland ſhades,
Or triumph o'er the town;
Retire, for ah! I know full well,
With envy ev'ry breaſt would ſwell,
To hear me half the beauties tell
Of charming Molly Brown.

III.

When o'er the dewy mead ſhe ſtrays,
The wond'ring ſhepherds round her gaze,
And all enamour'd own,
That never, never yet was ſeen
A nymph that trode the flow'ry green,
Of ſuch a matchleſs ſhape and mien,
As charming Molly Brown.

IV.

Let fops, in many a labour'd line,
The blooming roſe and lily twine
Some damſel's head to crown;
Yet thoſe, with all their labour'd art,
Can ne'er ſuch rapt'rous ſtrains impart,
As flow ſpontaneous from the heart,
Inſpir'd by Molly Brown.

V.

Her charms the coldeſt heart can fire,
They wake the ſoul to ſoft deſire,
And joy before unknown;

For her would hermits quit their cell,
And bid their ſolitude farewell,
And on the plains delighted dwell,
To gaze on Molly Brown.

VI.

O would the gen'rous pow'rs above
Grant me my charming Molly's love,
I'd other joys diſown;
Let others treaſure gold in ſtore,
And ſhining orient gems adore,
Far happier I, poſſeſs'd of more,
In charming Molly Brown.

SONG III.

Tune. *The mucking o' Geordie's byre.*

I.

YE lads that are plaguet wi' laſſes,
Had need to be tenty and ſlie,
Or ſoon ye'll be guidet like aſſes,
Gif ye be as ſilly as me.

I courtet a laſſie for ſiller,
And ſhe was right ſaucy and ſprie;
But 'gin I was buckl'd until her,
The ſient a ſcrap ſiller had ſhe.

II.

But kent ye the way how I gat her,
Ye'd ſay it was cunning o' me;
The chiels a' gaed wood to be at her,
Sae cadgie the ſiller to ſee:
But I gied her ſomething to carry,
A ſure memorandum to be,
And ſyne ſhe conſentet to marry,
And wad hae nae ither but me.

III.

In a doop ſhe began to grow wally,
The neebours a' fairli't to ſee;
But I kent the reaſon fu' brawly,
Wha ſoon was a daddy to be.
And when the black cutty we mountet,
Her lads a' leugh hearty at me;
But O how my courage was bluntet,
When ſient a ſcrap ſiller had ſhe.

SONG IV.

Tune. *'Twas when the ſeas were roaring.*

I.

BESIDE a ſtream's meander,
That wildly winding flows;
Where penſive lovers wander,
Enamour'd of their woes;
Upon the green graſs pillow
Palemon lay reclin'd,
His canopy, a willow,
Hung wav'ring in the wind.

II.

In vain, all nature blooming,
Would cheer the love-ſick boy,
His days, in grief conſuming,
Knew no returning joy:
All conſolation ſcorning,
Thus flow'd his mournful tale,
His plaint the rocks returning,
Sad echo'd through the dale.

III.

Why did I woo this charmer,
The cauſe of all my harms;
Or why did nature arm her,
With ſuch reſiſtleſs charms:
Yet cruel, as the ocean,
As winter's breath ſevere,
She feels no ſoft emotion
For all the woes I bear.

IV.

Thus whilſt I lie complaining,
And ſigh my ſoul away,
All my complaints diſdaining,
She frolics out the day;
A crowd of youths ſurrounding,
In richer robes array'd,
And all her praiſes ſounding,
Delude the ſimple maid.

V.

Ev'n now, perhaps, with folly,
And tales of flatt'ry vain,
She mocks my melancholy,
And triumphs o'er my pain;

But know, ungentle maiden,
My griefs are almoſt o'er;
My heart, with ſorrow laden,
Can bear thy ſlights no more.

VI.

Forget thy luckleſs lover,
Who dies, falſe maid, for you;
For him no grief diſcover,
But former joys purſue:
This ſaid, with looks dejected,
His ſad farewell he took;
And all with love diſtracted,
He plung'd him in the brook.

SONG V.

Tune. *My Nanny O.*

I.

THE fop may praiſe the city belle,
In verſe that charms the fancy O,
Wi' ſimple croon I'll pleaſe myſel',
And praiſe my bonny Nancy O:

Wha, without dreſs, and foreign aid,
Which at the firſt alarm ye O,
In hamely ruſſet weeds array'd,
Like magic art can charm ye O.

II.

Sic native dignity and grace,
Bot other arts, invite ye O,
Sic modeſt looks adorn her face,
And gentle ſmiles delight ye O;
Her bluſhing cheeks the crimſon ſcorn,
Her een ſae clear and glancy O,
The roſe, refreſh'd wi' dews of morn,
Is nought compar'd wi' Nancy O.

CHORUS.

Then ceaſe to muſe ye witleſs beaux,
Nae mair torment the fancy O;
But join wi' me, and ſing wi' glee,
The praiſe of lovely Nancy O.

SONG VI.

Tune. *Woes my heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

I.

ONE night by Irvine's murm'ring tide,
As I a ſhady tree ſat under,
And Colin, ſeated by my ſide,
Gave me his hand we ne'er ſhould ſunder.
Believe, he cry'd, dear charming fair,
Thy beauty fires me all with wonder,
Long as I breathe the vital air,
We'll live in love, and never ſunder.

II.

How could you, cruel youth, deceive,
How ruin one ſo young and tender;
Why did I, ſimple maid, believe,
And all my virgin-charms ſurrender:
Thy words ſuch innocence diſplay'd,
While falſe deſigns were lurking under,
Which me, unhappy nymph, betray'd,
And broke my tender heart aſunder.

III.

Ye murm'ring ſtreams, ye ſhady groves,
Where firſt I heard the tale ſo tender;
Ye ſcenes of our once happy loves,
Where firſt my heart I did ſurrender;
Ye liſt'ning echoes, catch the ſtrain,
Repeat, repeat the tale with wonder,
Upbraid the dear deluding ſwain,
Who broke my tender heart aſunder.

SONG VII.

Tune. *The Pitcher.*

I.

A POET ever will be poor,
His wit can never make him richer;
He laughs at fortune, that blind w—re,
And dearly loves his friend and pitcher.
Then come, ſweet Muſe,
And ne'er refuſe
To ſing, though we ſhould ne'er be richer,
I've all I wiſh, and all I chuſe,
In theſe two things, a friend and pitcher.

II.

This world is all but toil and care,
So cries philoſophy, my teacher;
And he who has the only ſhare,
Is he who gets a friend and pitcher:
Then come, ſweet Muſe,
And ne'er refuſe
To ſing, though we ſhould ne'er be richer,
I've all I wiſh, and all I chuſe,
In theſe two things, a friend and pitcher.

F I N I S.